

MARCH 26, 1956

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(the plutocratic capitalistic)

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COVER: JAMES H. KIMBERLY, SCCA President
Photograph by Tom Barnside

Jim Kimberly, new president of the Sports Car Club of America, has always been a hard figure to overlook in any sports car race. With his bright red costume, red ears and red sunglasses, he is one of the sport's most colorful figures. This year, as usual, he will be seen at Sebring, biggest of the U.S. sports car races. For news of this event, its cars and drivers, see page 23.

Illustrations on page 75

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An SI Special

ANOTHER COAXIAL SHOCK FOR THE BOXING FANS

New York and Pennsylvania have made real progress in boxing up boxing since Johnny Saxon first won the welterweight title. MARSH KANE explains Saxon's latest nationwide TV triumph—and the backward state of Illinois

22 SPECTACLE: THE LURE OF SPEED

In dramatic close-ups and action photos, the supreme thrill of sports car racing is documented in four pages IN COLOR

23 THE BIG RACE AND THE GOLDEN AGE

A profile of the biggest U.S. sports car event at Sebring, Fla., and a look at Jim Kimberly, new president of the Sports Car Club of America

26 NOW THE REDS PAID ONE AMATEUR

A pretty skater describes in Writer JAMES POLISS precisely what it was like to be a state-subsidized champion in Czechoslovakia

34 COLLEGE WEEK IN BERNUDA

It started with U.S. colleges coming down for Rugby Week but the season now runs into a full month of wonderful sports fun, the best of which RICHARD MEER brings back IN COLOR

43 FANTASY AT THE RACES

Contemporary American Artist JON CORBINO blends the exhilarating atmosphere of the race track with a rich and sensitive imagination. Two paintings IN COLOR

THE DEPARTMENTS:

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45 **Baseball:** ROBERT CULAMER discovers a crying need for second basemen in the grapefruit circuit. If you want a job just grab your glove and head south.

47 **Basketball:** ROY TERRELL reports that the NCAA tournament seemed upset-bound before the big boys finally came through.

48 **Horses:** WHITNEY TOWER tells how Willie Hartack's saddle helped upset Nashua in the surprising Gallopers Handicap

58 **Column of the Week:** DAN PARKER, looking over the Santos-Basilio fence, concludes that Billy Palermo and his fighter finally got paid off

52 **Hunting:** ERIC BOWEN wraps up the final leg of the southern cross-country season with a first-hand account of Finisterra's fine win

58 **Tip from the Top:** HARRY COOPER outlines against playing all shots from the same stance

65 **Yesterday:** Fred H. Marriott drove his Stanley Steamer three miles a minute and lived—a remarkable feat in his day

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

GOLF: SPRING—AND THE MASTERS

The lovely low scores on the winter circuit are in for a severe testing in the classic Augusta. Herbert Warren Wind describes the hazards and Anthony Ravelli illustrates them

SWIMMING: HEIGHT OF THE SEASON

Al Wiggins, shown in some striking underwater photography, will swim against the best in the NCAA championships



SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Johnny Pedres, whose pitching was third and seventh games for Brooklyn in the World Series, drew long-expectated draft orders, headed for induction center and U.S. Navy. Said Johnny: "I'll be there bright and early."



Lois Fella of Meriden, Conn., ranked No. 12 in the nation, was carried to match point five times by Jane Stuch, but Lois' steadier play earned her a 9-2, 8-7 victory and first women's national indoor tennis championship at Brookline, Mass.

RECORD BREAKERS

Dr. Robert Keast, 34-year-old anesthesiologist, declined use of normal skin diver's equipment, remained submerged for 59:58.5 at San Rafael, Calif., to better world breath-holding record, explained it is not need of air that makes one breathe but "anxiety of carbon dioxide that must be let out" (March 18).

Lancel Peter Twiss, English test pilot, zoomed needle-nosed Fairray delta-winged jet at fantastic 1,532 mph in flight, bettered 854 mph average set by U.S. Air Force's Coldest II. A. Hanes last August (March 11).

Arie Nagasawa, Yale graduate student from Tokyo, took dead aim at world butterfly swim records in race against clock at New Haven, surpassed world and U.S. standards for 200 meters (2:28.2) and 220 yards (2:25.1), also covered 200 yards in 2:27.1 for U.S. record (March 14).

North Carolina State's Dick Fudgen and **Cardinal State Teachers' George Breen** smashed U.S. short-course marks in Eastern Intercollegiate League individual championships at Ithaca, N.Y. Fudgen's time: 2:25.9 for 200-yard breaststroke (March 15); Breen's feat: 17:44.3 for 1,500-meter freestyle (March 17).

BOXING

Johnny Nazzari, jabbing, clutching and running away from Welterweight Champion Carmen Basilio most of the 15 rounds, was promoted with title for second time (the first victory over Kid Gavilan) when

referee and judges voted him hooded decision in Chicago (see page 30).

Floyd Patterson got little resistance from washed-up Heavyweight Jimmy Wells, scored knock rival three times before winning by TKO in second at New Britain, Conn.

Light Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore, weighing in at sabbly 194½ pounds and sporting beard, took time off from part-time job as disc jockey to maul Frankie Daniels for 10 rounds in nuptial fight at Hollywood.

HORSE RACING

Sailor, Brookmeade Stable's 4-year-old chestnut colt, hustled into early lead, met late challenges by Find and Mieloue by responding sharply to jockey Willie Harlick's urging to win \$100,000 added Gulfstream Park Handicap. Favored Nashua, headed down with 125 pounds, finished seven lengths back in fifth place (see pages 24 and 42).

FIGURE SKATING

Tenley Albright, past young Olympic champion, swirled through near-flawless free-skating routine to Offenbach tunes, barely outscored rival Carol Heiss to win fifth consecutive women's national title at Philadelphia. Lanky **Hayes Alan Jenkins** maintained superiority in men's division, won his last championship before hanging up skates to enter Harvard Law School. Renner-up **Ronald Robertson**, his smatter standing in jeopardy because of charges by

German Skating Federation that "a representative" had sought excessive expenses for Koonle's exhibitions, decided to turn pro, will next be seen in "Ice Capades."

BASKETBALL

San Francisco moved past UCLA 72-61, Utah 90-77 to stretch nation's longest winning streak to 53, joined Iowa, Temple and SMU in NCAA semifinals (see page 47) while Duquesne, Xavier of Ohio, Seon Hall and St. Francis of Brooklyn survived opening round of NIT in New York. In other tournaments, McNeese State employed successful slowdown to outlast Tennessee 60-55 for NAIA title at Kansas City; Wayland College of Plainville, Texas beat Nashville Business College 39-33 for 7th straight victory and women's national AAU crown at St. Joseph's, Mo.

Beaten Celtics beat Syracuse 100-95 in East; St. Louis Hawks squeaked by Minneapolis 116-115 in West as NBA playoffs got under way.

SAILING

Carleton Mitchell's 35-foot yawl *Fishstove*, best small boat in history of heavy-weather racing, proved itself well at home in light weather, won 284-mile race from St. Petersburg to Havana with 62:36.15 corrected time, also captured Florida Governor's Cup (see page 57). At week's end, *Fishstove* scored another victory, outslugging Jack Prior's spanking new 48-foot cutter *Cassiopea* to take 61-mile overnight test from

continued on page 6

FOCUS ON THE DEED



MOVING IN, Better Jersey Joe Walcott tries (and fails) to knock out Nantux Bay Rogers, wrestler, who pinned Walcott.



MOVING OUTDOORS, eager anglers get the trout season off to a running start at Bennett Spring State Park in Lebanon, Mo.



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and feel the same. What a difference this feel can make!

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 Washington, DC: **OR**
 Wilmington: **Ward's of Wale**

For other stores write: **GORDON-FORD SALES COMPANY**
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SCOREBOARD continued from page 1



Mike Ageasini of Trinidad, running for Fresno State College, warmed up by winning 100-yard dash in 9:58.4, followed with world-record-breaking 0:28.1 for 220 on new crushed brick track at Berkeleyfield, Calif. OGI record: 0:28.2.



Charles Krepp, 25-year-old North Carolina junior, scored triple victory in two-day Eastern Intercollegiate swimming championships at Ithaca, N.Y., winning 100- and 200-yard backstroke and 200-yard individual medley.

Havana to Cuba's picturesque Varadero Beach as connected line.

TRACK AND FIELD

Wes Santee, nation's speediest runner, who is knee-deep in fight to upset A.A.U. ban, sandwiched in another "special" mile between coast appearances, sped to 4:58.8 clocking, second fastest of indoor season, in K of C meet at Cleveland.

HOCKEY

National Hockey League completed regular season with Montreal in first place, while Detroit, New York and Toronto also qualified for Stanley Cup playoffs.

Michigan pushed home two goals within 11 seconds in second period to break tie, defeated Michigan Tech 7-5 to take NCAA title at Colorado Springs, Col.

CRICKET

New Zealand, never a winner in 44 previous test matches in 26 years, broke through to ouster West Indies by 190 runs at Auckland, thrilling thousands who were on hand for historic event.

MILEPOST

DIES—Lieutenant David (Skipper) Browning, 24, Olympic three-meter diving champion in 1932, winner of eight A.A.U. four NCAA titles, called "greatest springboard diver the U.S. has ever had" by his University of Texas coach, when his F-3 jet fighter crashed near Ruston, Kans.

FOR THE RECORD

RACEHALL

(GRANDPRIX CIRCUIT RESULTS)

AMERICAN LEAGUE		Ind.	Atl.	St. L.	Det.
1. N.Y.	Ch. (N)	Ind.	Atl.	St. L.	Det.
2. N.Y.	Ch. (N)	Ind.	Atl.	St. L.	Det.
3. N.Y.	Ch. (N)	Ind.	Atl.	St. L.	Det.
4. N.Y.	Ch. (N)	Ind.	Atl.	St. L.	Det.
5. N.Y.	Ch. (N)	Ind.	Atl.	St. L.	Det.
6. N.Y.	Ch. (N)	Ind.	Atl.	St. L.	Det.
7. N.Y.	Ch. (N)	Ind.	Atl.	St. L.	Det.
8. N.Y.	Ch. (N)	Ind.	Atl.	St. L.	Det.
9. N.Y.	Ch. (N)	Ind.	Atl.	St. L.	Det.
10. N.Y.	Ch. (N)	Ind.	Atl.	St. L.	Det.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

NATIONAL LEAGUE		St. L.	Atl.	Ch. (N)	Ind.
1. St. L.	Ch. (N)	St. L.	Atl.	Ch. (N)	Ind.
2. St. L.	Ch. (N)	St. L.	Atl.	Ch. (N)	Ind.
3. St. L.	Ch. (N)	St. L.	Atl.	Ch. (N)	Ind.
4. St. L.	Ch. (N)	St. L.	Atl.	Ch. (N)	Ind.
5. St. L.	Ch. (N)	St. L.	Atl.	Ch. (N)	Ind.
6. St. L.	Ch. (N)	St. L.	Atl.	Ch. (N)	Ind.
7. St. L.	Ch. (N)	St. L.	Atl.	Ch. (N)	Ind.
8. St. L.	Ch. (N)	St. L.	Atl.	Ch. (N)	Ind.
9. St. L.	Ch. (N)	St. L.	Atl.	Ch. (N)	Ind.
10. St. L.	Ch. (N)	St. L.	Atl.	Ch. (N)	Ind.



HURDLE ACT takes Mexico City bull out of range of Luis Miguel Domingain's sword.



SLIGHT OF HAND makes eye-catching act during women's A.A.U. basketball play.



James A. Farley Jr., 27, as well as fellow New York Democrat Francis Sweeney, was named to a vacancy on State Athletic Commission. Young Jim Farley's inquiry of his program to support the long-ling cleanup of Julian Helfand.

BOXING

BOB BARTON, eight-round TKO over Albert Fresh, the British light heavyweight title, London.

TULANE PULLEY, seven-round TKO over Russ Wood, light heavyweight, London.

COURT TENNIS

JACK JOHNSON, New York, over James Dunn, 6-4, 2-5, 5-4, U.S. open championship, New York.

MARSHALL, over Tule and Pincus, exhibition intercollegiate tournament, New York.

FIELD TRIAL

HOMER AGARIS HOG, owned and handled by W. E. Jones, Franklin, Pa., tall, smaller pool championship, Memphis, Miss.

GOF

DOE TAMBFIELD, Casey, Ill., Pensacola (Fla.) open, with 311.

WILL TEBERDE, Mahopack, N.Y., over Lionel Robert, in one-hole playoff, 31, Pensacola (Fla.) open.

HORSE RACING

JOE JONES, 2:57.50 E. Maryland Handicap, 7 f., by 1 1/2 lengths, in 1:21 1/4, Bowie, Md. Very Delicate up.

HUNT RACING

RACING BEARON, Saddle Creek, 2 1/4 m. (Saddle), by 2 lengths, in 4:20.5, Southern Pines, N.C. No Saddle up.

SHOOTING

JOHN OF MIRADA, tall, intercollegiate rifle championship, with 1,202 pts. (new record), Washington, D.C.

SOCCER

STARS, Pan-American championship, with 4-0-1, Mexico City.

TABLE TENNIS

EDWIN BULLER, Los Angeles, over Bernard Bakel, 25-21, 10-21, 21-19, 21-19, 21-12, U.S. men's singles, White Plains, N.Y.

LEAH HUGHES, New York, over Mildred Stepan, 21-7, 21-14, 21-12, U.S. women's singles, White Plains, N.Y.

FRANCIS DONALD, last Tony Tubert 2 matches to 1, Donaldis beat 10-11.

TRACK AND FIELD

SHYLER, Southwestern Recreation meet, with 41 pts., Ft. Worth, Texas.



HIG STEP gets Marianne Bowinger ready for shot in U.S. table tennis tournament.

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JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Question:

Can the Navy rowing crew, champions in the 1952 Olympic Games, come back in 1956?



KT EHRHART



*Crew coach
University of
California*

"A long layoff could affect even such a great crew. The 1956 field will be very strong. Their return to competition is not a new idea. Navy's 1952 Olympic Champions returned in 1954, but lost to Yale. The experiment will again be interesting and will strengthen the U.S. Olympic entry."

R. H. SANFORD



*Crew coach
Cornell University*

"If it's ever going to happen, this is the crew to do it—a fine crew of strong men. But I don't think they can come back. They have been away too long. Several are married. All are used to a different life. I doubt that they can reach the peak necessary for college competition."

WALTER IRISH RAINERY



*Crew coach
Columbia University*

"It's been tried before without success, but the conditions under which these men will be living will provide ample time for relaxation and conditioning necessary to become a great crew again. I think they can come back and be as good or, with added maturity, better than they were in 1952."

RUSSELL S. (RUSTY) CALLOW



*Crew coach
U.S. Naval Academy*

"Ask them. Ask their wives. What have three years in service done to their incentive and spirit? If they want to win, they can. They were a great crew with a rare combination of pride and humility. Condition is half the battle. They are men now. They should be better. They may have to be."

WALTER J. STEIN



*President
Brown University
Rowing Assn.*

"They are older and less fit. They can't train as they did for four years at the Academy. But they are experienced winners and champions. Navy life is not a complete physical letdown. To be the first crew to retake Olympic honors is a powerful stimulant. They can come back."

THOMAS BOLLES



*Manager
1948 American
Olympic Crew*

"They could. In my opinion, young men don't reach physical maturity in college. The average crew would be better if they could row another year or two. A few years out of college are not too much handicap for the greatest crew Rusty Callow has produced. Yes, they can come back."

JOSEPH BURN



*Crew coach
University of
Washington*

"It has been tried before by great crews and has met with failure. However, it has never been attempted by a crew as great as the 1952 Navy crew. My feeling is that they will find it impossible to regain that keen mental attitude they had in such abundance as adolescents."

AL ULRIKSEN



*Crew coach
University of
Washington*

"If they really want to now, they can be as good as better. However, if there is even one who is returning to the rowing ways because he was ordered to and doesn't have his heart in it, they are wasting their time. Only the members of this great crew can answer this question."

CLIFFORD (TIP) GOES



*Chairman
Olympic Rowing
Committee*

"Although it's been tried without success by two other alumni crews, there is this difference: after winning at Helsinki, this crew dedicated themselves to a comeback for the Olympics in Australia. In spite of wives, children and moral obligations, they've prepared for this great effort."

PENNSYLVANIA

**Golf Bags and Balls
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*A new effort
Stanford University*

Life judgments, the technique of rowing against the tide. Technically, Nancy's more experienced oarsmen should win, inevitably. The question is whether the oarsmen can't afford opponents better than in 1970.

ÉMI. LAFONT



Not used in the
Male Falsely

"Yes. These men are on the punch-drunk fighter in the same back trail. Undoubtedly, they will have that winning spirit and the resilience of youth. Under the good conditioning and great coaching of Buster Calton, there is no reason why they cannot again break their neck. All power to them."

E. H. CATERMAN



Running reports
New York

"The Mental Navy row of 1932 will win the qualifying race for the 1936 Olympics, but it 'swims' with other Naval Academy athletes from recent years, this row could push brilliant, young and up-and-coming ones, particularly Cornell, to the peak necessary to win the Olympics."

NEXT WEEK

Is Buckle Richard the greatest hockey player of all time?



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and summer,
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Via Qantas you can take to the hills for winter sports in July (New Zealand Alps) as well as in January (Swiss Alps) or enjoy Alpine summers, vice versa. People who are extremely fond of mountains may find that some of each — on the same trip — is a stimulating experience and, while they are at it, go around the world: £1,425 Tourist; \$1,830 First Class. Ask your travel agent about this or other Qantas Super Constellation flights across the world to five continents.

AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE



QANTAS

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



LAST WEEK the National Headliners Club announced its 22nd annual awards. Among them, from more than 1,500 entries in various journalistic fields, went a first-place silver medalion to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for the series on *Baring's Dirty Business*, called a "comprehensive exposé of boxing on a national level" and cited as the "Best News Series in a Magazine."

Founded in 1935 by the Press Club of Atlantic City, the National Headliners in 1956 gave 21 awards for journalistic achievement. Others honored besides *SI* included Michael O'Neill of U.P. for his articles on the Salk polio vaccine, Andrew Tully of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance for his series "Inside Russia," Eric Sevareid of CBS for news broadcasting as exemplified in *The World Tonight*.

The Headliners Award is an encouraging reminder that the atmosphere of boxing has lately shown many signs of dispelling its noxious fumes — although, as a world championship fight demonstrated in Chicago last week, the air is still less than mountain-fresh (see page 20).

Credit for the change is far from being *SI*'s alone. Only last week *SI* was happy to confer its PAT ON THE BACK to Dan Parker of the N.Y. *Daily Mirror*, who received the N.Y. Newspaper Guild's Page One Award for crusading journalism with his series of columns "They're Murdering Boxing."

The courageous outlawing of the New York Boxing Guild by State Boxing Commissioner Julius Helfand was the most dramatic single fact in boxing's improving conditions. Commenting recently on *SI*, Commissioner Helfand said, "*SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has set a high standard with its all-round coverage of boxing. It has also been a welcome force in contributing to public understanding of what this office is trying to do to rid boxing of its undesirable elements."

Harry Phillips

From the 'Botany' 500[®] Crest of Fabrics!



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New Fashion in Tie-Shape

The Tear Drop' Shape in Dacron* 100

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO JOE LOUIS? • IRON CURTAIN ROUNDUP •
BEWARE THE GOLFER BEARING LOAD • HEAVY GOING IN BRITAIN •
THE OLD ROYAL GAME GETS FRESH START • INSTEAD OF NASHUA

WRESTLING: THE NEW MAN

THE NEW MAN were a plain white towel over his shoulders in lieu of a robe. His weight was announced at 240 pounds, his opponent's at 323. The referee, Joe Walcott, a former heavy-weight boxing champion, called both men to the center of the ring and, after a moment's talk, the bell rang and the action started.

The 323-pounder, billed as Cowboy Rocky Lee, reached for the new man's shoulders. The new man fell back, held up his fists like a boxer and the fat cowboy stopped dead in his tracks in apparent terror. The crowd of 4,200 in the Washington, D.C. arena laughed and cheered.

The new man was awkward. When he went down, he fell heavily as though he were not used to falling.

The cowboy pounced on the new man, grabbed his leg and twisted it. Ringriders heard the cowboy whispering in the new man's ear. It sounded like "Hold on, hold on now!" The new man looked like he wanted to yawn.

It went on that way. The cowboy persisted in mean tricks, villainous ways, but always retreated in terror when the new man held up his fists like a boxer. And always the crowd cheered and laughed at the fat cowboy's terror.

Then the cowboy went too far. While Referee Walcott's back was turned, he rubbed his handgled hand across the new man's eyes. Then he dropped the new man with an arm twist and punched him in the stomach while he was down. Walcott tried to intervene and the cowboy gave him a hard shove. Again the new man put up his fists like a boxer. He hit the cowboy full in the midsection. Not hard, but hard enough to put the cowboy down for the count of 36. It was all

over. Time: 11 minutes. The crowd cheered and laughed.

Later, the new man talked to reporters in his dressing room. They asked him what he thought of wrestling after his first match.

"It's an honest living," said Joe Louis, boxing's greatest champion since Dempsey. "It's not stealing."

The promoter said he could make Joe \$150,000 a year if he would agree to wrestle three times a week. Joe couldn't promise. He would have to think it over, he said, and talk it all over with his wife.

COMMUNIST AMATEURS

IN *How the Reds Pay a Champion* (see page 36), the Czech figure skater Miraslava Nachodská tells why she fled from her country rather than be "treated as a prized pig" of Communist-dominated Czechoslovakia. Her

experiences as a coddled and well-paid ward of the state are by no means unique. Ever since the Reds began to wrap up the countries of eastern and central Europe there have been athletes who have slipped through the Iron Curtain with testimony on Communist amateurism.

When Avery Brundage, president of the International Olympic Committee, visited Moscow in 1954 he saved a handful of testimony at the Russian Minister of Sport, Nikolai Romanov, describing the special training camps, special social privileges and the yearly salaries top amateurs receive in the Communist world. Romanov brushed the evidence aside with an exclamation: "Traitors, deserters! Would you attach any truth to their statements if they had been Americans and turned against your country?"

Such a devious dismissal is hardly

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Nashua lost a horse race, is fast case in \$10 in the \$100,000 Gulfstream Park Handicap, but the big bay (\$1,040,315 in earnings) will have plenty of chances to pass Chateaux's lifetime record (\$1,043,260). With the current card season all but over, Nashua's owners have planned an active racing career for the months ahead.

Snow Valley, caught up for weeks in the storm of a \$4 million appropriation needed to save the 1960 Winter Olympics from being blown off to Innsbruck, Austria, passed the eye of the hurricane when the California assembly approved the request by a 63-11 vote and sent it along to the senate. Forecast there: squally but clearing.

Leo Durocher, flying high in TV circles, began to orbit an old familiar orbit—one all ranked off in the shape of a diamond. "I had 22 years of baseball, and that's enough," he repeated once more for the

second, but this time Leo had something to add: "Unless," he amended thoughtfully, "something should occur whereby I could be in the front office."

The Chicago Cubs may not be going anywhere in the National League pennant race but their fans surely are right to the tag, in fact, via a set of moving ramps which will glide customers effortlessly to the upper decks at Wrigley Field. Glorious new vistas, says Cub Owner Phil Wrigley, will now open to the older fans who previously pined up a chance to blink the lights.

With the storm tides of Pacific Coast football investigation now pounding the shores of California (SI, March 19), the coast-guard waves upon Lake Washington have settled to a gentle ripple. Said Washington's No. 1 booster, Turkey Thornton: "There is no more Greater Seattle Advertising Fund as far as I am concerned."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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shared by Árpád Csankó, secretary of the Hungarian Olympic Committee, who on a recent visit to Australia explained graciously: "In Hungary a runner like Dave Stephens would not have to work as a milkman during the night or in the early hours. John Landy would also get a post somewhere in Budapest where his training would be easier. I am sure that sooner or later people in Australia also will realize the importance and significance of success in sport and give top athletes the same encouragement we give ours."

The Polish boxer Henryk Tykczynski, who recently escaped to the West, is more explicit in his denunciation of the Communist amateur. Speaking over a Radio Free Europe program he said, "Communist athletes are nothing but subsidized professionals. . . . We who are so-called 'amateur athletes' receive extra food, hold dummy jobs for which we are highly paid. . . . My job in Warsaw was physical instructor of the employees of the Ministry of Security. I worked only about two hours a day. The rest of the time I was able to train. . . . I received as much as \$110 extra a month for 'food' in spite of food allowances. Before a match I was sent to special training camps for as long as a month—on full salary."

But perhaps the most telling note about Red "amateurism" is the trend to fewer and fewer athletic refugees. Just before the 1952 Olympic Games a group of these stateless athletes petitioned the International Olympic Committee to be allowed to compete at Helsinki. Their request was turned down because of a long-standing rule that "only nationals of a country are eligible to represent that country" and that a competitor once having competed for one country is ineligible "to represent another country on a future occasion except where his former country or place of birth has been incorporated in another state." Today, most of these original stateless athletes have either turned pro or are past their competitive peak, and there are so few new candidates that there is little point in bringing up the matter of their Olympic competition again.

Mironava explains the thin trickle of athletes to the West when she says, "Younger people have been out of touch with the West. They don't know the languages, they are afraid and they

don't know what to believe any more. But mostly, the life of an athlete is good, too good. My running away was a hard decision for me to make—and I knew about the West."

HUSTLERSHIP

IN RECENT YEARS, visiting types who might be characterized as the Drinker, the Invalid and the Shabby Equipment Hack have become familiar on almost all U.S. golf courses. In this week's issue *LIFE* warns golfers to be on guard. Beware, for example, the Drinker who swigs from a bottle of Scotch (actually tea), lurches through the first nine, hiccuppingly suggests that all bets be doubled and then takes the back nine with a 10-foot putt. Along with the Invalid who limps but shoots in the 70s and the Shabby Equipment Hack who can disembowel par with only a rickety four-iron, the Drinker belongs to a genus of con men known as golf hustlers.

Some hustlers are not as obvious as the foregoing types but all have one characteristic in common: a deep, uniform tan. Among themselves, hustlers joke about being "too tan" for one another and, in turn, call a victim a "paleface," especially at southern winter resorts. Hustlers can well afford to go South for the winter; a hustler who cannot average at least \$50 a day blazes through his tan.

The hustlers drew unwelcome attention to themselves by winning too often in some of last year's big Calcutta tournaments. Since the uproar at Long Island's famous Deepdale (St. Nov. 14), the U.S. Golf Association has been conducting an anti-Calcutta crusade. Bing Crosby was among the first to

back up the USGA by eliminating the Calcutta in his tournament. This month a Greenbrier official announced that from now on there will be no organized gambling in any Greenbrier tournament.

Nonetheless, writes *LIFE*'s Marshall Smith, "The efforts at reform have left the practitioners of the confidence game relatively unmoved. Their main source of income would not be affected even if all Calcuttas suddenly vanished. The links are still crowded with potential [palefaces], all flush with money and willing to go along. . . ."

THE FURROWED ENGLISH BROW

SURELY, the season of hope and despair, seemed to have plunged English sports authorities and a good many English sportswriters into a mood of stiff-angled irrationality; to a man they seemed to find sporting merits in a state of disintegration, the sporting spirit softening to a gradual consistency, and attitudes in the colonies beyond any gentleman's power of description. Though Englishmen differed among themselves somewhat, verbal earnings were definitely the order of the day.

English professional soccer football players—who average £414 or about \$1,164 a year—demand extra fees for appearing in night games and before television cameras and an abolition of a \$42-a-week maximum wage limit. Then, to give the Players' Union some leverage in the matter, members of the Wolverhampton Wanderers refused to play a scheduled night game with a championship Spanish team from Bilbao. When a player from Tottenham innocently suggested that more money would not necessarily ruin team spirit—and added, "Look at American baseball"—he only seemed to fan the indignation of professional league magnates. "This day will go down in the annals of professional football as Black Wednesday," thundered William McKee, former Lord Mayor of Newcastle. "We herald the era of Big Brother in soccer. The next thing will be 'dressing-room stewards' and they will be able to tell their captains where to get off!"

Meanwhile, cricket officials and cricket writers were in a state of fulminating indignation over the performance, on field and off, of the Marylebone Cricket Club's Young England & Tours during an invasion of Pakistan. The Marylebone players not only lost three straight games in Peshawar and two (to one victory) in



SHATTERING BLOW

*This here's hands are out and raw;
How did it come to pass?
He didn't know his victim's jaw
Was really, really, glass.*

—JACKIE L. SMITH

Karachi, but threw the Pakistanis into an unconscionable uproar by 1) playfully kidnapping one Mr. Idris Begh, an umpire, after a formal dinner; 2) carrying him off to their hotel in a tonga; and 3) pouring water on him. Mr. Begh appeared next day with his arm in a sling and the crowd roared "Shame! Shame!" and "Go home, MCC!" In Karachi, furthermore, Pakistan's wicket keeper, Imtiaz Ahmad, stopped the game and protested that the Marylebone players were using "abusive language" while he was batting.

The English players seemed astounded by all this uproar and charged plaintively that the Pakistanis were abusing them too and, worse, doing it in a language they couldn't understand. Nevertheless they were chided unmercifully by their countrymen at home. "The MCC . . . must bring the culprits home as soon as this Test finishes on Wednesday," trumpeted London's *Daily Herald*. "We lost games and we lost face!"

Simultaneously, Jack Crump, secretary of the British Amateur Athletic Board, which regulates track-and-field in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland, was in a state approximating that of a transient officer who has caught a rowdy of high school boys under the marquee of a baroque theater.

The source of Crump's high blood pressure was (of all places) the University of Idaho—whose track coach,

Joseph H. B. Glander, wrote early this year to Britain's *Athletic Weekly* to announce that his school will give scholarships to deserving and "sensible" British athletes, preferably middle-distance runners. Gerald Carr, 29, a shotputter and discus thrower, and Ray Hanton, 24, an 8:57.4 two-miler, showed interest. So did four half-guineas: Richard Mackay, 22, who has run 1:52.4; Norman Lloyd, 23, 1:52.4; Donald Gerris, 22 (an Oxford undergraduate), 1:58.0; and Michael Ransom, 21, 1:52.6.

The scholarships which Idaho offered were not exactly princely—each runner would get tuition (\$200) and a chance to wait on table in a fraternity house, if he could qualify scholastically. But all would need a British Amateur Athletic Board certificate of amateur status and permission to compete abroad. "This," snapped Crump, "is a bad thing for amateur athletics. If an ecotus like this is not nipped in the bud, American universities will finally walk off with all our best athletes. . . . We should need to examine carefully the offer made by Idaho University." Editor Jimmy Green of *Athletic Weekly* was blunter: "I believe the American scholarship system is just as much legalized professionalism as any thing in Eastern Europe."

But meanwhile British sportswriters seemed bent on defending Wes Santee to the hilt. "America's athletic bossman," wrote Jack Pearl of London's *Sunday Pictorial*, "are on a witch hunt

over expenses." "American bans roller Wes Santee because he gets a few dollars too much in expenses," protested the *Daily Mirror's* Peter Wilson. "It seems you have to check up on the race (ethnie), religion, creed and financial standing of the runner's grandmothers' aunts before you can share the cinders with some kid who might pollute the track by having accepted five shillings as a prize in the mixed three-legged race when he was at his kindergarten. It is all so infernally stupid."

But then, perhaps all concerned would feel better when the sun grew a mine warmer and the Brussels sprouts turned green.

COURT TENNIS, ANYBODY?

AMERICA's third annual intercollegiate court tennis tournament got under way at the Racquet and Tennis Club in New York last week and was quickly marked by the impressive play of the Harvards, who started out by hanging what are known as railroad serves in the general direction of their opponents from Yale.

In the railroad serve the ball skitters along a sloping roof, slightly more than head high, on the left-hand side of the court from the server. It rolls off the sloping roof, hits the wall at the far end from the server and, thanks to the strong spin on the ball, must be virtually scrapped off the floor for the

continuation on next page



"I always go for the underdog."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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return. The railroad requires not only natural ability but lots of practice, and it was evident that Harvard had somehow acquired both. The Harvard team not only won the tournament, it dominated the affair with 13 winning matches to six for Yale and two for Princeton.

Court tennis was the sport of kings in the Middle Ages, and there is still something hauntingly regal, or regally tense, about it. Watching the grinning Yale and Harvard players, it was easy to understand that a few centuries ago an Earl of Essex bashed a Prince of Wales with his racquet during a close game. Matches take place



in near silence. The ball makes a subdued howling-silly rattle as it moves, very fast, along the slope; then there is a sharp snapping sound as the racquet hits it, or almost as frequently, a wooden clatter as the racquet hits the composition floor or the wall in getting behind the ball. The court, which looks like a huge drained swimming pool, is a stylized version of a medieval courtyard. Various openings at the ends and under the slanting roof are stylized survivals of doorways and windows that provided hazards in the days when kings played court tennis in their own courtyards.

The game is fast, like tennis, and is scored the same way, but the tempo constantly changes. Long volleys are suddenly interrupted while the ball rolls lazily along the slope, as in the childhood game of ante-over (or Anthony Over). In the intervals of waiting for the ball to drop, players plot their strategy—to drive it into one of the openings, to send it ricocheting off the "bamboo" (symbolic buttress) or in any case to do something that will leave the opponent swinging at the empty air. Court tennis enthusiasts say that their game is like chess because of the infinite possibilities of every shot.

Kings never liked to appear ridiculous, and a tennis-playing monarch who found himself swinging at a ball that was dead at his feet usually kept on with the game, trying to pay somebody back as long as his kingdom endured. James I of Scotland was even assassinated on his tennis court. He tried to escape through an opening in

the wall, forgetting he had previously blocked it up because he lost so many tennis balls through it. All these pectentous historical reflections came readily to mind last week in the intercollegiate court-tennis tournament. The men of Harvard were composed and completely at ease, with a control that even the most untutored spectator could appreciate, but even all court-tennis players these occasionally come expressions which suggest how kings must have looked when they ordered someone beheaded.

Harvard was left out of the first intercollegiate tournament. In an effort to popularize the game, James Van Allen, a three-time U.S. champion, improvised the affair with six undergraduates from Yale and Princeton, only one of whom had ever been on a court tennis court before. There are only seven courts in the United States and less than 500 players, and while individual college students occasionally take up the game, there were then no college teams. Somewhat miffed at having been ignored, Harvard scraped together a team, challenged the tournament winner, Yale, and lost.

Last week Harvard was amply revenge. One of the seven American courts is in Boston, and the Harvard team had been making good use of it while Yale and Princeton players had to practice in New York or Philadelphia. An American universities team

has been invited to play in England in July, against the best of the Oxford-Cambridge racquetists, and Harvard players are obvious first choices for places on the U.S. squad. The details of Yale and Princeton, however, may have been a little too complete. Court tennis requiring the concentration it does, the victory looks like the beginning of a rivalry destined to last for centuries. It's that kind of a game.

READER RESPONSE

THIS, OBVIOUSLY, is not Nashua. "I reads the caption over a drawing of a sad-eyed, away-barked plug in the March issue of *Jeep's Missions*. The announcement goes on to explain that Father Bernard O'Leary, S.J., of the Jamshedpur Mission in northeastern India, doesn't really want Nashua but does need a horse for the regular visits he makes to 10 or 12 outlying villages without roads. In India a suitable mount costs \$200. *Jeep's Missions* asked for contributions.

The other day a letter arrived with a message for Father O'Leary. "I am sorry I am not in a position to send Nashua himself," it ran, "but I do hope the enclosed check will enable you to procure a horse that will serve your purpose as well." The check was for \$200. Like the letter, it was signed by James E. Fitzsimmons, the best, gentle, 81-year-old trainer of Nashua.

SPECTACLE

THE LURE OF SPEED

Beautiful, dangerous supremely thrilling, sports car racing has a magnetic attraction for its fans

Racing drivers, when pinned down, find it difficult to express just what it is that inspires in them such devotion to so dangerous a sport. Stirling Moss of England (81, Nov. 14) thought it was acceleration, the supreme thrill of power from a perfectly tuned engine. Spain's Marquis de Poyago, pondering the matter, came up with "courage—the challenge to one's courage of a fierce competition in awareness of death." Whatever it is, it grips men like a fever. It can be read in the faces on the opposite page—Dave Michaels (top), of Montclair, N.J., in his Bandini-Offy; Alexis DuPont, of Montchanin, Del., in his bullet-fast Cooper; Ray Seidel, of Manchester, N.H., in his big Allard-J. It can be seen also in the pictures which follow, and it will find its ultimate expression this Saturday in the biggest of U.S. sports car events, the Florida International 12-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance on a former airfield in Sebring. For more about that event, its cars and its drivers, turn to page 23.





In Florida, World Champion Juan Manuel Fangio whips Lancia through curve in Sebring's

In Illinois, steering engine brings an Austin-Healey in for a quick pit stop during a Chanute Field race





12-hour endurance run. This week's renewal brings the world's top drivers to the U.S.

In California, an acrobatic official gives a zestful wave of the checkered flag to a winner in the Golden Gate meet





SEBRING COMES OF AGE

With the world's best drivers and top-ranking factory teams,

America's biggest sports car race achieves its true stature

Nowhere in the U.S. does the fierce beauty and intensity of sports car racing pictured on the preceding pages reach a higher pitch than in the 12-hour Grand Prix of Endurance at Sebring, Fla. There, facing a 6.2-mile circuit of road and airport runway, some 60 cars will roar out of the pits at 10 a.m. this Saturday in a Le Mans-type standing start, and through the long, hot day and evening, until 10 o'clock that night, the blare and blast of exhausts, the squeal of tires, the howling of high speeds will keep the nerves and fiber of drivers and spectators alike taut to the breaking point. For Sebring, more than any other American auto race, is a test of endurance in the true sense—endurance not only of cars but of human beings.

Each race at Sebring has its own special flavor. In the early years, from 1950, it was a testing ground for American like James H. Kimbrey, now president of the Sports Car Club of America, in their rediscovery of sports car racing and a showcase for the veteran Europeans demonstrating their experience and skill. In 1955 came the first big U.S. triumph to that hard-working American sports car pioneer Briggs Cunningham in a car of his own design. In 1964, the first year of Sebring's entrance into the worldwide competition sponsored by the Fédération Internationale d'Automobile, one of the smallest entrants ran away with the race: a 1,652-cc OSCA, running with watchlike precision and driven with superlative skill by young Stirling Moss and Connecticut's Bill Lloyd. Last year, in one of the most grueling contests ever, 34 of 80 entries were left by the wayside as Mike Hawthorne and Phil Walters worked their way to victory in a D-Jaguar.

This year, the sixth of the annual classic, will be remembered always for at least two things. For the first time four major European factories have officially entered works cars and works teams: Jaguar, Ferrari, Maserati and Aston Martin. For the first time a major American factory is laying its prestige on the line: General Motors, which has three of its hot new Corvettes at Sebring under the sponsorship of Raceway Enterprises. Thus, in a double boost, Sebring has become not only an arena where the greatest of European cars will join battle, but also the place where Detroit, with the most massive automobile production facilities in the world, enters the modern international racing field.

Two conclusions can immediately be drawn from this. First, the speed and competitive fire of this year's race at Sebring will be hotter than ever before. Secondly, as a direct result, the "glorious uncertainty" of racing will be greater than ever. Sebring may look like a big-car contest

—Corvette, Jaguar, Ferrari and Aston Martin each has three works cars entered, Maserati two—but it is entirely possible that a small car will win it. Battling it out in a 12-hour grind, the biggest and the best may fail, even with drivers like Ferrari's Juan Manuel Fangio, last year's world champion, and the Marquis de Portago, or Jaguar's Mike Hawthorne, Corvette's John Fitch, Maserati's Piero Taruffi, Aston Martin's Stirling Moss, the second-best driver in the world. As one driver put it: "The fast cars are really going to have to go fast this year"; and in an endurance race speed is a negative as well as a positive factor. The winner at Sebring will be the man who can maintain most consistently, through 12 nerve-racking hours, that precarious balance between maximum speed and minimum strain which will enable him and his car to hold together to the finish line.

In this wide-open field there are, nonetheless, favorites; and, not surprisingly, they are among Europe's Big Four. With their disc brakes (important on a short course with sharp turns like Sebring), Aston Martin and Jaguar are rated likely to fight for first place between them, with Ferrari and Maserati battling it out for second. Mechanically, Jaguar's experimental fuel injection engine could work for a slight edge, but Stirling Moss, Aston Martin's No. 1 driver, with his cool head and calculating mind could cancel this out in a duel with the nifty but temperamental Mike Hawthorne.

There are also great question marks, among the favorites as well as the lesser-known entries. Jaguar's fuel injection is one; new and untried in any race, it could be sensational or a flop. The Corvette is another—though the Corvette team has probably trained harder than any other for the Sebring grind under the tutelage of ex-Mercedes Works Driver Fitch, it is a long jump which Chevrolet is taking from Detroit to international racing, and not even Fitch can foretell what will happen. A question mark, too, is another unique American entry: Bob Sweikert, last year's AAA champion and winner of the Indianapolis 500, who will be driving in a sports car endurance race for the first time in a D-Jaguar.

For the small cars, besides the possibility of overall victory because of attrition among their big brothers, there are three other targets to shoot at. Next to a victory in their class, the most important prize is victory on index of performance. Under the FIA system of scoring, each entrant has a minimum average performance to maintain; the car

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MOREN AND ARCAND (SECOND FROM LEFT) FIND THEMSELVES WENTLY CONTAINED AS SULPITREAN HANDICAP FIELD ENTERS HONOLULU



IN TANGLE OF FLYING HOOFES, STRAINING JOCKEYS AND TRAILING BEST

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

Box Top



FRONT VIEW also shows Arcaro and Nashua, (second from right) are trapped as the horses head into the homestretch.

EDDIE ARCARO IN A BOX

In the middle and definitely a backbencher rides Eddie Arcaro on Nashua at Gulfstream Park. Logic and the odds called for Nashua to win the \$100,000 Gulfstream Handicap and top Citation's record earnings, but it was not the bay colt's day. Heading into the stretch, he and Eddie, ready or not, had no place to go. Brookmeade Stable's Sailor finished first, Nashua fifth. (For Whitney Tower's full account of the race see p. 48)

Whitney Tower



ALL FIVE LANES PROVIDE ACTION FOR 4,000 SPECTATORS IN MONCTON'S ICE HOCKEY AUDITORIUM.

WORLD SERIES OF CURLING

For five days in Moncton, New Brunswick it was squats and sweeps, as 11 teams battled for the McDonald's Brier Tankard, emblem of the Canadian curling championship. Winning



AS ENERGETIC CURLERS FROM EVERY PROVINCE IN CANADA COMPETE IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM WALSHMAN

"rink": Manitoba, which defeated Ontario in a playoff game. The high point came in an unprecedented "extra end," equivalent of baseball's extra innings. With the score 7-7,

Billy Walsh, Manitoba captain, broke up the game by sliding his last 30-pound stone 140 feet and placing it squarely on the "button," center spot of one of the 12-foot circles above



LED BY THE FIELD TRIAL JUDGES AND FIELD MARSHALLS, THE MOUNTED GALLERY MOVES OFF ACROSS STUBBLE FIELDS OF THE AMES PLANTATION

SAM: TOP DOG BY A NOSE

And out of the 1956 National Championship field trials at Grand Junction, Tenn., comes Palamonium, a courageous liver-and-white pointer better known as Sam, to take top honors before a mounted gallery 100 strong

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER KENTON

For an account of Palamonium's performance turn to page 52



TOP BIRD DOG. Palamonium was credited with seven berks of quail and one berking of a bracewren during running of trial.



FOR THE FIRST HEAT IN THE NATIONAL BIRD DOG CHAMPIONSHIP FIELD TRIALS—A QUAIL-HUNTING CLASSIC WHICH HAS BEEN RUN SINCE 1932

TRIAL JUDGE Dr. T. Bertram Kling oversees with his field marshal Herman A. Adams



DOG HANDLER E. H. Epperson team him with trial hopeful Hilde of Arkansas

DOG OWNER Mrs. G. B. Oliver, in field dress and slacks, follows Hilde, her dog.



A MIGHTY PECULIAR FIGHT

Welter Champion Carmen Basilio outfought and outpunched

by MARTIN KANE

Johnny Saxton but he had no chance in Chicago Stadium, where

favorites are fated to lose—as the smart money knows by now

MAY THE BETTER PARTICIPANT "BRIDGE-TROUPEST,"¹ was the standard and pious invocation that the old fight announcer Harry Balogh made famous in the Turbulent (but relatively innocent) Thirties.

Those days it would have a hollow sound. And nowhere would it sound more like a halfwit howling into an empty beer barrel than in Chicago Stadium. There, the other night, Carmen Basilio, welterweight champion of the world and the better participant, emerged triumphant and titleless from a fight with Johnny Saxton.

In the opinion of the crowd of 12,000, in the opinion of the great majority of sportswriters present (21 to 7) and in the opinion of Carmen Basilio, the titleholder had retained his championship. But, in the dissenting opinion of two judges and a referee of sorts, Saxton had won.

When Benny Bentley, the ring announcer, a fellow of no little courage, reported this to the world the shock waves trembled all along the coaxial cable from New York to San Francisco. A million TV sets trembled on their tables. In Chicago Stadium the crowd boomed itself blue for 15 minutes, with only intermittent pauses to catch its breath. The boeing may have set a new record for freestyle righteous indignation but it had no effect on the record books of boxing. Johnny Saxton, who had won the welterweight title from Kid Gavilan by a similarly spurious decision on the night of October 20, 1954, had regained his title, through what means no man may say for sure.

To essay a guess at the means one must know a little about Chicago Stadium, about the state of boxing in the State of Illinois, and about the stateless status of Blinky Palermo, Saxton's manager without portfolio.

The Stadium is owned by the bigwigs of the International Boxing Club. James D. Norris, president, which in turn owns that part of boxing outside the purview of Frankie Carbo. It is a building of imposing, sporting-type architecture, presenting a soot-stained face of relative grandeur above the slums of West Madison Street. Inside, its patrons have seen some strange goings-on.

Since last September 28, for instance, there have been eight fight-nights at the stadium. In every one of the eight main events the underdog—the fighter with the betting odds against him—won. Smart-money gamblers have been cleaning up. The most wondrously consistent performance in this scandalously inconsistent series was that of Bobby Boyd, the middleweight. Boyd fought three times there, was the underdog (12 to 5, 8 to 5, 3 to 1) each time and won each time. This is not to suggest that the last eight Stadium main events were crooked. (One of them was the Sugar

Ray Robinson-Bobbe Olson fight.) It is merely to suggest that there was something mighty peculiar about the way they all turned out. It is a rare thing to see an eight-horse parlay pay off, especially on long shots.

Sooner or later, one would have thought, those who bet on fights in Chicago would have caught on to the inverted Chicago system which, translated into reality, means that the fighter who is assigned the largest odds is actually the professional gamblers' favorite. Thus, on the night of March 14 when Basilio was listed as a 2-to-1 favorite over Saxton, the smart money really expected Saxton to win. It made no difference that Saxton is a punch-and-flinch fighter, a master of the relentless retreat, or that it has been a long time since he scored a point for aggressiveness. Every conceivable honest figure from 1 to 9, including fractions, said he would lose.

The figures did not take into account, however, that Illinois is the only one of the four big boxing states (New York, Pennsylvania and California are the other three) that has done nothing whatever to clean its vineyard of the little foxes who spoil the grapes. The figures did not take into account that Illinois is the only state of the four still willing to do business, by subtlety and deviousness, with Blinky Palermo.

Blinky Palermo is a ruddy-cheeked man who looks out through hooded lids on boxing's dirty business and finds it profitable. It has, in fact, been his only resource in several years, since the numbers racket in Philadelphia became socially obnoxious for him. He owns Johnny Saxton, now welterweight champion once again, and he has owned other more or less distinguished fighters like Ike Williams and Coley Wallace. But Blinky no longer has a license in his home state of Pennsylvania. As it was about to expire there, Blinky extended his feelers to test whether New York might welcome his application. New York warned him not even to try. Pennsylvania said it would go along with New York. Julius Helfand, New York boxing commission chairman, said he would refuse to stubify himself by sanctioning a Basilio-Saxton fight. He warned that letting Saxton sign for the fight would be a mere proxy arrangement, with Blinky lurking behind the scenes.

But Lou Radzienda, boxing commissioner for Illinois and president of the National Boxing Association, had no qualms at all. He let Saxton sign despite Helfand's warning that this was but a fraudulent device that would insure Blinky's cut.

Commissioner Radzienda, incidentally, is a friend of
continued on next page

A MIGHTY PECULIAR FIGHT

continued from page 31

one of Chicago's biggest bookies and proud of it (SE, March 13). The commission is responsible for the competence and honesty of the judges and referees it appoints.

That is the way it was on Wednesday night when Basilio, togged in a champion's hooded robe of creamy silk and maroon trim, jugged in his corner waiting for the commercial to end and the bell to ring. That was, in the same ring, he had weighed in at 146 pounds—somewhat heavy, even a little early, his battered face reflecting the strain of the training grind. And he may have remembered that he had twice lost fights in Chicago, one to Billy Graham, once even to that television morning-glory, Chuck Dacey. He certainly remembered it later. So confident of victory were his managers, Joe Negro and John De John, that they announced a press conference would be held next day—"Yif," they added modestly, "Carmen wins." It was a fair guess that the conference would announce that Basilio wanted to fight Sugar Ray Robinson for the middleweight title and really important outdoor money in June.

Across the ring Saxton jugged too, his white turkish-towel robe flapping. His face was bland, impassive, as it had been when he weighed in at 146½ pounds. He had been first in the ring, to little applause. There had been tremendous cheers for Basilio.

The fighters dropped their robes but there was still a long wait for the bell. They jugged some more, facing each other, looking into each other's eyes, because some fighters believe that is the way to face an opponent before the bell.

The first of the fight's three surprises was that Basilio won the first round by actually outboxing Saxton, though the officials did not think so. The theory had been that Basilio never looks good against a boxer, that he is a swimmer who takes three punches to land one. The second surprise was that Basilio, the strong, durable man who twice had won down his fighting counterpart, Tony DeMarco, was far more tired than Saxton in the closing rounds. And the third surprise was, of course, the verdict.

In that first round Carmen Basilio, nonetheless, let only a couple of jabs give him pause, then surged in to attack the meat of the matter, Saxton's body, and pounded it with lefts and rights, precisely according to the plan he had announced days before. He scored with a solid right cross to the head. He took some jabs again, landed some of his own, and was rocked by a Saxton right. Moments later he was back again with his own right. He scored with a combination, a right to the body and a hook to the head. He outmaneuvered Saxton, bewildered him, pummeled him. He was fully in charge.

He won the next round by an even wider margin, though he fell back on the congenial weakness of the converted southpaw, a right-hand lead. He scored with the right-hand lead, slamming it to body and head, driving Saxton back, shifting opportunely from head to body. The orthodox Saxton was doing far less well with his lefts and resorted finally to his defensive maneuver, wrestling. They were wrestling as the bell rang, and when Basilio broke away Saxton hit him with a right. The crowd booed, clearing its throat for what was to follow. It boomed quite a few times more as Referee Frank Gilmer separated the fighters repeatedly in a way which prevented Basilio from using his principal skill, infighting, for more than a few moments at a time.

Saxton was the third round on everybody's card. It was in this round that the padding in Saxton's left glove burst through the seams and forced a minute's halt, while a new



WRESTLING JOHNNY SAXTON (black trunks) pushed Basilio around but took heavy punishment from Basilio's infighting.

glove was substituted. Basilio managed to cross over some of Saxton's jabs with his right and he broke through to the body, too, but the incessant, head-snapping Saxton jabs piled up a lot of points. After the new glove was leed on, Saxton used it as part of a one-two combination and then, with more jabs, had Basilio retreating at the bell.

Scoring of the fourth round was a significant mystery. Referee Gilmer, who wound up the fight with a card showing Saxton the winner by two points, gave the round to Basilio. The judges, whose final cards had Saxton the winner by a preposterous seven points, gave it to Saxton. They may have been preoccupied. Here are the SI reporter's notes for the round: "Saxton scored with left uppercut, Basilio to the body. Basilio left hook, Basilio right cross, Basilio right to the body. Basilio begins body attack. Basilio beautiful right to the head. Saxton two lefts to head. Basilio gets him on ropes and pounds, winding up with left to head. Saxton right to head. Saxton left and right to head. Basilio drives to ropes." It was clearly a round in which Basilio was the effective aggressor, in which Saxton's defensive abilities were as nothing, and in which, if "ring generalship" means anything, Generalissimo Basilio was using his best field tactic—the furious, all-out attack— with the élan of a Patton slashing through France.

There would be little intellectual nourishment in a further round-by-round account of the fight. There is no question that Basilio, who twice outlasted DeMarco, tired himself chasing Saxton and, in the closing rounds, was much less potent than he had started out to be. Saxton paced himself better. As Basilio grew weary, Saxton's jab, run and clutch technique became more effective as a point-gainer and sometimes made the bloody-nosed, raw-eyed Basilio look like a little fury, swinging round instead of straight, beaten to the punch, as frustrated and astonished as a beagle who finds himself chasing a backward-running, sharp-toothed rabbit.

But up through the 16th round, which everyone agreed

continued on page 35

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A MIGHTY PECULIAR FIGHT

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he had won masterfully, Basilio was well out in front. He had discovered that Saxton sometimes ducks his head after throwing a jab and when the challenger did so Basilio's left would come crashing through. In the sixth he withered a savage attack to the body and head, made Saxton rise with his lefts, drove hard to the body and at the end staggered Saxton with a right. In the seventh, with the crowd howling "Come on, Carmie, let's go!" he took a few lefts to get Saxton against the ropes and was snoring heavily in infighting when the referee separated them. The crowd boomed at this, but even so Gilmer gave the round to Basilio, and it was the judges who awarded it to Saxton. The eighth might have been considered even but the officials gave it to Saxton, perhaps on the basis of a left-right-left to the head shortly before the bell. The referee disagreed with the judges again on the ninth round, awarding it to Basilio, who had crossed and hooked effectively and twice had the retreating Saxton on the ropes.

But in the closing rounds Basilio was clearly weary, though by no means exhausted. His legs gave him less drive, his punches traveled in wider arcs and, when he drove Saxton against the ropes, as he did several times, it was a desperate onslaught in which his timing was off. Once, in the 12th, when he saw that Saxton's mouthpiece was red with blood, Basilio was inspired to charge head down and ran into a left uppercut. The realization that Basilio was losing his effectiveness gave Saxton brief spells of willingness to go on the attack, and when Basilio tried to change the tide he found himself walking into sharp, cutting jabs. There was blood on Basilio's trunk as he came out for the 14th round. Vaseline had been smeared on his left eyebrow and puffed-out lower lid. He advanced into a staggering right to the head and was himself driven back against the ropes. Both his hands were carried low, out of whoriness. Saxton had dropped his right—most likely in the hope of drawing heads, for his counterpunching had become very effective.

The final round was nothing much to look at. Saxton was booted for wrestling and was punished in the infighting but he also scored to the head. He did not seem to be trying too hard, and that was strange, for the last round is a time when fighters try to show who is really in command. It could have been called an even round, and one of the judges so scored it, but the other two officials gave it to Saxton.

Then came the verdict. Few in the crowd believed that Basilio had won by a wide margin but scarcely anyone thought he had lost, and there was proper rage that an aggressive, hard-punching, courageous champion had been stripped of his title by mere outeness, by the kind of fighter who infatuates those who have paid to see action and by a man whose original claim to the title was based on one of the worst performances ever seen in a championship bout.

While the crowd boomed, while Johnny Saxton and his entourage celebrated in the ring, ex-Champion Carmen Basilio slipped downstairs to his dressing room to drink bitter tea from a paper cup, to weep as he tried to tell his indignation and to sit, finally, a towel draped across his bony knees, in silent dejection, peering through puffed eyelids at the cement floor, as hard as the fate he had just been dealt.

"See," said Angelo Dundee, his cut man. "He isn't cut at all. Just slits. These aren't cuts. Just little slits." There is a sensitivity in the Basilio camp about this matter of cuts. Carmen mumbled something.

"Double left hooks to the stomach," he was saying, checking on the words. "Don't they count for anything in this town? I didn't get credit for infighting. Don't you get credit in this town for left hooks to the body? Infighting, infighting!"

Joe Netro, his stout, gray-haired manager, put a hand on his shoulder.

"We'll have to have a rematch," he said. "We can't sleep until we do. Of course, it's up to Mr. Norris and the IBC."

Dundee put an ice bag to one of the purple eyes and Carmen began to talk about the referee.

"He insults the intelligence of millions of people watching this fight on TV," he said. As for Saxton, he was "tough, strong, in good condition." He put his bruised right hand—there was a streak of blue across the knuckles—into a bucket of ice.

"If you lose a fight," Carmen said, "you lose it. You don't mind. You know what's happening. But this! I'll never fight in this town again."

"Saxton was cute," Netro said. "He knows how to keep people from doing things."



PREFIGHT BALLYHOO had Champion Basilio giving Promoter Jim Norris instructions in the arc of punching the light bag.

"I made the fight," Carmen said. "I hit him with double left hooks to the stomach."

"Here's some more tea," Netro said, lifting a soggy tea bag from another paper cup. "The officials were incompetent. They were honest, I'm sure, but they were incompetent."

Johnny Saxton, his left eye slightly puffed, received the press with calm assurance.

"I had a little trouble in the seventh round," he said. (Surprising, since the two judges had given him the seventh, disagreeing with the referee.) "That Basilio's a bang-bang fighter, but I was never in bad shape. He was throwing long ones. I was throwing short ones."

The chances are that, for all of Carmen's protestations about Chicago, he will fight Saxton there again. Basilio is another possibility, since Massachusetts also holds that a fighter can sign if his manager is *persona non grata*. And, after all, who cares what happens to the purse so long as the appearance of decency is preserved? But the Chicago gate was \$104,280, far above expectations, and there was a \$60,000 fee from television. Result: \$42,677 to each fighter. It was balm to Basilio and next day he was saying he would fight Saxton again "anywhere." Even in Chicago. (K.H.B.)



HOW

by JAMES POLING

In a recent CONVERSATION PIECE (SL, Feb. 6), Avery Brundage, the controversial yet highly respected American figure who is president of the International Olympic Committee, replied in answer to a question about the Soviets and their imposing rise in sports that "their methods appear to be perfectly legitimate. And very impressive."

The Russians, according to Mr. Brundage, say that their athletes are "just like athletes every place else. They train in their spare time. They say they don't have special camps, except as allowed by the rules. I asked about some of these fellows in the army. A great athlete seems to be promoted all the time. They say, this man is a great athlete but he is also a good soldier. He does his job well. He deserves his promotion."

What fellows here is the unembellished and closely checked story of an Iran Car-tain athlete, which casts considerable doubt on the credibility of Soviet claims. The athlete is not a Russian—she is a Czechoslovak—and it is possibly true that Czech Communists have carried the methods of their apostles to extremes. The fact remains that political, economic and cultural ties between the Soviet-dominated countries are so strong that what is true of one is, with slight variations, generally true of the other. Communist methods, if it is becoming all too clear, are indeed impressive. Their legitimacy, to judge by the experience of one young athlete, however, is open to serious question. . . .

MIROSLAVA NATCHOVA was the pretty, 16-year-old daughter of a middle-class Prague insurance company executive when the Communist coup of 1948 imprisoned Czechoslovakia in the Russian orbit. But 1948 was

TURNED PRO. Miroslava says living as a nightclub and ice movie performer. She was sponsored in U.S. by a Chicago psychiatrist, hopes to become a citizen.

THE REDS PAY A CHAMPION

Miroslava Náchodská, the comely skater opposite, was the Czech national champion before she fled to the West. Here, for the first time in detail, is the true story of her life as a state-subsidized "amateur" under the Reds

meaningful to Miroslava only because it was the year she became her country's third-ranking figure skater. The Communist line meant nothing to her; it was just incomprehensible male nonsense, which she happily ignored.

Today, in fact, she much prefers to follow another line, the Dior line, which, incidentally, becomes her. It is easy to see how this 115-pound, 5-foot 4-inch blonde creature once earned a rating as one of Prague's best-dressed women. ("Even so, I was shoddily dressed compared to a Western girl," Miroslava said recently.) And it is also easy to understand how Miroslava's almost excessive femininity was a constant affront to her Communist bosses. Her preoccupation with dress and ornamentation inevitably oriented her toward the West, where feminine vanity is still indulged. Equally inevitably, it made her essential of and rebellious toward a political regime that treated her as a cog in a machine rather than as an exceedingly attractive girl. Somewhat ironically, however, Miroslava has now discovered that although her dream city, New York, defies pretty girls it is also sufficed with them. "It is not so easy to shine here," she says ruefully, "as it was in Prague."

In the beginning, the new regime touched her life in only one important respect: when she graduated from high school she had to meet a work norm. But she still remained in competition as a member of Dynamo (formerly Slavia, one of Prague's oldest amateur athletic clubs), and managed to get in a reasonable amount of practice on the ice during lunch hours and in the early mornings, before she reported for work in a state-owned chemical distributing firm.

It was only after Miroslava—or Mila, as she is called—had won the national figure skating championship of her country in 1952 that the government began to show an interest in her existence. She first discovered her

changed status in January 1952, when the State Committee for Physical Education and Sports cancelled her scheduled trip through the Iron Curtain to Vienna, where she was entered as Czechoslovakia's representative in the European figure skating championships. The committee, it seemed, questioned her political reliability.

Mila was confused. How could she be politically unreliable when she had no politics, she asked? Politics or no politics, the committee's agent told her, she was nonetheless a significant segment of the political picture. And he quoted her the new party line, recently laid down by Moscow's All-Union Committee: "Physical culture and sports have ceased to be a matter of amusement and have become a matter of state importance." Throughout the Russian orbit, athletics were being given a new dimension; through them

the Communists intended to help demonstrate the supremacy of the Soviet socialist system over capitalism.

The "bourgeois" amateur sports clubs—the foundation of the Czech athletic system—were abolished. Trade union clubs were established in their place, and athletes were arbitrarily assigned to the clubs representing the industries, mines or collective farms for which they worked. The strongest of the new clubs—the Ústřední Dům Armády, or "Central House of the Army"—was formed for the sole purpose of enrolling outstanding civilian athletes under the army's banner. For obvious psychological and propaganda reasons, the regime wanted the army's UDA to be all-conquering.

As a national champion, Mila naturally was "invited" to join UDA, late in 1952. Captain Jiri Sukop, a graduate of Moscow's Institute of Physical Culture and UDA's chief coach, felt the club could straighten out her difficulty with the committee. Also, for appearances' sake, she would have to become a "member" of the army, and it had already been arranged for her to be carried on the Engineering Corps' payroll as a clerk. As Mila now recalls it, "And he say openly I would have no work norm and don't have to go much to the office. And I say to myself, better I join UDA, or I will never get no opportunity to do best skating."

Her salary as a champion, Sukop said, would be 1,800 crowns (about \$260) a month. This was 200 crowns more than her sister Vera, a well-known actress, received, and the news left Mila temporarily stunned. But she recovered in time to buy a new dress that afternoon, before the shops closed.

Although the Army hired her, it paid only 900 crowns of her salary. The rest was paid out of a special fund set up by the Ministry of Defense, and

continued on page 28



AN AMATEUR. Miroslava practiced jumps at Red training camp 20 miles from Prague.

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RED'S PAID AMATEURS

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was known as "calorie money." Most of the calorie money was supposed to be spent at UDA's canteen—which supplied fresh fruit, top-quality meat, rich imported cheeses and other foods not found in the market place—and for the purchase of more and better clothes than the average Czech citizen could afford, so that Czechoslovakia's twilight athletes would appear before the world as examples of the land's prosperity. According to Mila, "Good athletes have all the best. They get paid more even than professors, or almost anybody."

Mila had to pass two tests to be qualified to represent the army. The first was the *řídí* *příprava k práci a obratnost*, which, literally translated, means "ready to work and defend my country." To pass B.P.P.O.V., she had to meet established standards of proficiency in rifle marksmanship, the shotput, swimming, the high and broad jumps and rope climbing, and she had to race the stopwatch over an obstacle course heavily unobstructed with barbed wire. The climactic event was a 15-mile cross-country hike against time, carrying full army field equipment. "Very awful," Mila says.

While her blisters healed she prepared for her *Fuřik* Test, an oral examination on Marxist ideology given her by the head of UDA's figure skating

section. "They say, read this book, study that. But I didn't read only enough to pass, after friends tell me what questions they ask." Mila's section head also conducted the two-weekly political instruction classes UDA obliged her to attend. She can't remember his name but she does remember her one triumph over him: "I'm wearing lipstick and nail polish at training camp and one lunch Rasputin may be sick of eating with me, all coated with bourgeois trash. He threatened to send me from the table if I didn't clean up. But I say to him, if I take it off will your wife return her hair to its true color? He got very angry—but he never said more."

Having passed the requisite tests, Mila was given her official sports diary, an extraordinary document which is issued to every state-subsidized athlete. It is turned in monthly to the athlete's coach for study, and then passed on to the athlete's *adělsk*, or supervisor, for ultimate approval or disapproval. In Mila's case, her *adělsk* was Colonel Nikolai Hřih, a Czech who had been trained in Russian military academies before being appointed administrative head of UDA.

Mila was ordered to record every activity in her diary: her private life—including her meals, bargains and the state of her nerves—as well as the details of her training program. If she was hungry she was to note when she was hungry and what specifically she

was hungry for. If she went to the theater or spent a romantic evening she was to report whether or not it relaxed her and to what degree. Eventually, she was told, her diaries would be turned over to scientists who were studying the effects of various foods and forms of relaxation on athletic performance. Mila found it wasn't wise to turn in many blank pages. "Much trouble then," she says. "Only hospital good excuse for missing practice." In season, practice was held four hours daily, six days a week. Mila had to report for morning practice at 4 a.m. (Prague's only risk, the Winter Stadium, was open to the public except for the hours from 4 to 8 a.m., and at 8, the hockey team took over.) In the afternoons, a special army bus transported UDA's skating team to the nearby town of Kladno, where the army had the use of a small rink. When Mila practiced free skating, she performed to a recorded musical accompaniment, made available by the Winter Garden over its public-address system.

This was the schedule Mila followed, October through March, unless she was in competition, giving exhibitions or holding skating clinics. She got an annual vacation the first two weeks in April and then, April 15 to June 15, did "light work," gymnastics, racing, ballet, swimming, field hockey and track work. From June 15 until the season opened in October, she was stationed at Staně Beleslav, a training camp 20

STAR ON BOTH SIDES OF THE CURTAIN



AT NURNBERG: German, Moskova, 1955 member of the team Emil Klapálek.

great Olympic runner and party member, who chides her for having her extremely



AT MOSCOW: Russian skater, 1952, she gives a contemporary exhibition.

police from Prague where Czechoslovakia's only indoor artificial rink was located. There she had two hours of skating each morning, tennis and swimming in the afternoon and in the evening a "self-criticism" session. Athletes who had overslept, skipped practice or in any way been derelict were supposed to stop forward, enumerate their sins. Each week a record of transgressions was sent to Colonel Hrib, who, when needed, took disciplinary action. This might take the form of a lecture, a pay cut, dismissal or even publication of the offender's name as a "Socialist failure." Also, Mila discovered, if you "forgot" to report your own misdeeds there was always someone who was eager to do it for you.

Mila began her career as a hired amateur by winning the 1953 national title. Then she was sent to Moscow and Leningrad for a six-week series of exhibitions. When she returned she was sent to camp to train for the Academic World Championships to be held in Vienna. These championships are for university students exclusively. The fact that Mila had never attended a university, however, in no way embarrassed her superiors.

At the end of the training period the team was given a dinner. An official made the usual cliché-laden speech, but with a surprise ending. One member of the team would not be allowed to leave the country. "I know it is me before he says," Mila recalls.

"Again, they are not sending me through the Curtain."

The political implications of the move meant little to her. What hurt was the fact that she was again being kept out of international competition at a time when she was extremely ambitious to improve her world standing. But she got no satisfaction when she appealed to the Sport Committee's chairman, Viktor Pladot. "I won't tell you why you are being kept home," he told her bluntly. And when Captain Soukup interceded for her, he got the same answer.

Mila heard no more from the committee until just two weeks before the 1954 nationals, when she was abruptly expelled from UDA because her "usefulness" to the club had ended. The

committee had finally ruled that she was too politically unreliable ever to be "worthy" of representing Czechoslovakia outside the country's borders. Her salary money was withdrawn and she was again assigned a work norm. She was allowed, however, to join the Engineering Corps's small athletic club, and, wearing its colors, she again won the national championships.

Then she sat down and wrote a letter to the President of Czechoslovakia, asking why, when she had never in any way been involved in politics, the right to compete internationally was being denied to her on political grounds. She got an immediate answer, saying her case would be investigated.

Four months later she was called to

continued on next page



AT PRAGUE in 1954, Miroslava awaits judges' vote after Czech championships.



AT LINZ, Austria, two days after escape, Miroslava is escorted by policeman under

signs pointing to home (Prague) and Vienna (Wien), her place of departure for the West.

REDS' PAID AMATEURS

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the office of the Under Secretary of the Ministry of Defense. This was the ministry which controlled UDA. The under secretary had Mila's secret police file on his desk and he handed it over to her without comment.

She found it contained the following: 1) copies of letters written her friend Aja Vražová, a former world's figure skating champion who had fled Czechoslovakia in 1950; 2) copies of letters from Aja, which Mila hadn't shown her sister; 3) an anonymous letter accusing Mila of having paid a secret visit to West Berlin in 1955.

at mind reading than stating, because I never speak out my thoughts."

Mila met the file's charges head-on. She says, "After I read I cry very, very much, and admit what I have to admit and deny all else. I say West Berlin visit is all lies. I promise I have never wanted to escape. Oh, I am a very good actress, like my sister Vera, and I touch the under secretary's heart."

Two weeks later the under secretary called her back to his office and told her she was to be given a second chance, and that she could rejoin UDA.

Mila quit work and went back into training, on full salary. In January 1955 she retained her national title. She thought the world of international

successful. Mila was sent to Vienna.

"And I do very badly," she says, "because I cannot think of what I am doing on the ice. I do not even sleep, my mind is so full of escaping. And I know I must, right then, because I cannot be sure I will get through the Curtain again."

After the meet, on Feb. 25, 1955, the political supervisor of the Czech team escorted its members to Vienna's American Zone for a Saturday morning shopping tour. When the team entered a shoe store, en masse, Mila casually asked the supervisor if she could please go to an adjoining store to buy some perfume—realizing that the time-consuming process of trying on shoes would work in her favor.

"That supervisor was not too smart, so I fool her easy," Mila says.

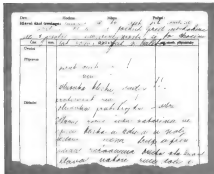
She immediately took a taxi to the Parkhotel Schönbühnen, hastily parked a small bag, and bribed a maid to take the rest of her luggage for safekeeping.

She took a cab to the American Embassy where she hoped to win political asylum, but it was Saturday and she arrived 10 minutes after the embassy had closed for the weekend. As she turned from its locked door, speechless with despair, her driver said, "I know what you're up to, child. I will take care of you." He drove her to what appeared to be a small shop on a side street. It was an American escape center.

The man in charge talked to Mila briefly, then said, "There'll be a big fun when you're missed, so let's move fast." He thrust her into a closed car which carried her to a house in the residential district, where she was quickly provided with a set of identification papers for one "June Rider," of Chicago. Then she was driven to a railroad station and turned over to an American who said, "I'll do the talking, if any is necessary." They walked unchallenged past the Russian and American guards in the station and boarded a train. In three hours Mila was in Lima, in the American Zone of Austria.

Last summer, while waiting for her U.S. immigration permit, she visited a Czech track team, competing in an international meet at Nürnberg, Germany. Only one member of the team dared talk openly to her—Emil Zátopek, the 1952 Olympic triple champion. He asked, "Why did you do it, Mila? Did you really have a bad life?"

"Emil is a party member," Mila says, "but he knows deep down this was a big, silly question. It has to be a bad life. No one wants to be treated like a pinned pig." (CWB)



OFFICIAL SPORTS DIARY is homework required of all state-subsidized athletes. Entry shown, dated April 1, 1955, was made by Milašova in diary she later

spirited from Czechoslovakia. She notes school figure she had practiced that day and afterwards will, "I must remember not to be nervous and wait before I jump."

while she was giving exhibitions in East Germany; 4) a charge that she was suspect because she maintained a social relationship with an American service officer and his wife; 5) and a charge that her mode of dress—particularly a pair of red slacks—and her use of lipstick and nail polish were proof of her untrustworthy, bourgeois nature.

There was also a letter accusing Mila of having openly spoken of her desire to escape. The letter was signed by Dagmar Lachová, leading figure of the Rudá Hvězda (Red Star) Club, which represented the national police. "I am always beating Dagmar badly," Mila says, "and her letter shows her better

competition was opening up to her when the committee then sent her to the European Championships—held behind the Iron Curtain, in Budapest, that year—where she placed eighth among 22. But when the Prague papers were given the names of the athletes selected to compete in the world championships at Vienna, Mila's name was again missing. In her place was the girl who had finished 18th at Budapest.

Fortunately for Mila, the Prague newspapers made an editorial use of the fact that Czechoslovakia was not to be represented at Vienna by its national champion. The public wrote letters of protest. The campaign was



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In baseball's training camps, opportunity is calling.

If you're a second baseman, you might help resolve a

KEYSTONE CRISIS

by ROBERT CREAMER

IF you can play second base and hit .260, grab your glove and head south. Opportunity is unlimited. For instance Charley Grimm, manager of the Milwaukee Braves, is worried. One of his second-base candidates is Danny O'Connell, a third baseman who is a second baseman only because Milwaukee already has a third baseman with whom they are, quite justifiably, well satisfied, since the third baseman, a young man named Ed Matthews, hit 41 home runs last year compared to O'Connell's six. Another candidate is .325 hitter named Jack Dittmer, who is said to be mad at the Braves and in a mood to be traded. If you can play second, check Charley Grimm.

Or get in touch with Mike Higgins, manager of the Boston Red Sox. Mike is a little unhappy, too, though his two prime second-base possibilities are Billy Goodman, whose lifetime batting average is a splendid .268, and Billy Klau, who was the sensation of the American League last year at shortstop. But Higgins, an ambitious man as well as a patient one, is not satisfied. He has several thousand glittering young infielders in camp, each of whom seems to have received \$600,000 in bonuses to sign with the Red Sox plus a large portion of the state of Texas, and any one of them could suddenly burst into full-fledged stardom. Unhappily for Mike, they all seem to prefer third or short to second. Thus, while Mike sticks with the veteran Goodman and experiments with the remarkable Klau, he is looking around. If you can play second, you could make things very easy for Mike Higgins. Head south.

Or go to see Mayo Smith, manager of the Philadelphia Phillies. Mayo has the framework of a pretty good team, but the gap at second base tends to let the rain in. Mayo looks at Bobby Morgan, originally a shortstop, now at second base for while, and then thinks of using Grassy Hamner, also a shortstop. But if Mayo uses Hamner there, he can't use Hamner at short and Hamner (if his shoulder is really okay

again) is a manager's dream at shortstop. So Mayo experiments at second with Ted Kazanski, still another shortstop, and Ben Tompkins, a .350 minor league hitter. Mayo is not happy about second base. As long as you're down there, check Mayo Smith, too.

But best of all, drop in on Buckey Harris, manager of the Detroit Tigers. Buckey has several extremely proficient baseball players operating under his direction, but the chieftain of the Tigers rearing into contention in the American League depends to an indeterminate degree on who plays second base. And who does Buckey have at second? Fred Hatfield, who at 31 is possibly past the prime of a career that started with a lifetime batting average of .341; Harry Mahanberg, who got his chance in the majors last year after eight long years in the minors and promptly blew it by hitting a feeble .216; and Buddy Hicks, a sometime Brooklyn Dodgers farm hand who went underground at Vera Beach some years ago, burrowed his way across Florida and this spring popped up in the infield at Tigertown in Lakeland. Hicks is the leading candidate for the job. Needless to say, if you can play second

base get in touch fast with Buckey Harris.

The same uncertainty prevails around second base in a majority of this spring's training camps. Offhand, only the Chicago Cubs (Gene Baker), the Cleveland Indians (Bobby Avila), the Chicago White Sox (Nelson Fox) and the Cincinnati Redlegs (Johnny Temple) can say flatly: this is our second baseman. Several others are pretty sure, like the St. Louis Cardinals (Veteran Red Schoendienst over Rookie Don Blasingame) and the Kansas City Athletics (Jim Finigan over Spook Jacobs), but there is always that doubt, that uncertainty. True, in some camps—like that of the New York Yankees—the uncertainty is a luxury. The Yanks have Billy Martin, Gil McDougald, Jerry Coleman and Bobby Richardson—a wealth of untouchable talent that makes Buckey Harris feel like a child looking into a candy store window. If he could only have just one. . . .

The Chicago White Sox are hankering, too, but more patiently. They don't have a particular weakness, like the Tigers, but they do want reserve strength. They look toward the Red Sox and all the bright young men. The feeling is that sooner or later the Red Sox will simply have to unload some of their excess talent. When they do, Chicago will be only too happy to snap up any supporting strength that happens to be let loose.

Trades and sales and player exchanges designed to help strengthen ball clubs are desirable, of course, but unfortunately they are really few and far between. It's a shame, in a way, because the stronger each team is, the

Continued on page 10



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KEYSTONE CRISIS

continued from page 15

better the league is, the more fun to watch. And, of course, the more fun baseball is to watch, the greater the attendance and the higher the profits. But this is long-range thinking and planning, something baseball executives audaciously try to avoid.

Trading is ideal, naturally, when you trade from your strength to bolster your weakness. Teams like the Boston Red Sox and the New York Yankees, the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Milwaukee Braves tend to stay near the top because the swelling up of good minor league players from their farm systems enable them to trade off good players without seriously weakening themselves in any position. But even so, after a while intraleague trading dies off, partly because the opportunities for mutually useful trades are exhausted, and partly because a team hates to strengthen a rival. This latter deterrent would not be a factor in trades between teams in the two different leagues, but such trades are not allowed except via a complex and highly technical process involving "waivers."

Frank Lane, general manager of the Cardinals and a man who dearly loves to trade players, has suggested that these restrictions be lifted for a brief time each winter, so that clubs from the American League could trade freely with clubs from the National. Last week in Sarasota a man told George (Birdie) Tebbets about Lane's suggestion. Tebbets is the amiable conversationalist who manages the Cincinnati Reds, and he was in Sarasota to send his team against the Red Sox in a spring training game.

"Might not be a bad idea," Birdie said. He thought of the powerful hitting his National League Reds boasted, and the woeful pitching that kept them in the second division last year. He went over in his mind all the strong young pitchers the American League Red Sox had over there on the other side of the field. He remembered the short left-field wall at Fenway Park in Boston that favors powerful right-handed hitters, and he recalled that the Sox had at the moment only one powerful right-handed hitter. He thought of Wally Poni, the brilliant young outfielder who bashed 40 home runs for the Reds last year, and who happened to hit right-handed. His round, red face beamed.

"How many pitchers," he said, "do you suppose the Red Sox would give me for Wally Poni?" (C.R.R.)

Through peril and confusions, SMU and Temple fought their way alongside Iowa and mighty San Francisco into basketball's

NCAA SEMIFINALS

by ROY TERRELL

IT WAS FRIDAY night in Philadelphia, smack in the middle of the second round of NCAA basketball playoffs, and high-riding Temple—winner of 24 games, conqueror of Kentucky, victor over Holy Cross—was having trouble with a team named Connecticut. The Owls called time out to talk it over, and a man in the stands sadly shook his head. "The way this whole business is going," he groaned, "I can see the four NCAA semifinals now: Connecticut, Wayne, Seattle and Oklahoma City. What a lineup."

"You're crazy," his neighbor said. Then, after a moment's thought, he added: "But you could be right."

He could indeed. In the first round, North Carolina State, No. 2 in the nation and, despite Ron Shavlik's broken wrist, a co-favorite with either Temple or Holy Cross to reach the semifinals, lost to unheralded Canisius in four overtimes. Dartmouth beat favored West Virginia with a shot at the buzzer ended the game. Wayne upset De Paul. And SMU, pride of the Southwest, barely struggled to a one-point victory over a Texas Tech team which was playing without its two high scorers. Now the scores were coming in from second-round games and they didn't look so hot either: Wayne, for example, was leading Kentucky by two points at halftime.

It was well that Temple called time out and enabled the nation's basketball pundits—like the man in the stands at Philadelphia—to take a look around. A ridiculous situation was averted, chaos averted and normalcy restored. At week's end the four teams with tickets to the two final rounds at Evanston, Illinois on Thursday and Friday were what they should be: San Francisco, Iowa, Temple and SMU.

San Francisco, even without K. C. Jones, still resembled nothing so much as the best college basketball team ever invented. The defending NCAA champions stretched their victory streak to 53 games by disposing first of

UCLA 78-61 and then Utah 92-77. Six-foot 10-inch Bill Russell played like the super star he is, and Sophomore Gene Brown scored 41 points in the two games. Russell scored 21 against UCLA, 27 against Utah, picked off 45 rebounds and blocked over two dozen shots with his uncanny defensive moves around the basket. UCLA's Willie Naulls and Morris Taft each scored 18 points, which was below their season average, and that was the story.

Utah, after outscoring Seattle 61-73 in the other second-round game, tried the same tactic against San Francisco and did manage to score more points against the Dons than any other team all year. But there was another side to the story: San Francisco, usually content to play control basketball, proved it could run, too, and wound up with a high of its own for the season—and a date in the semifinals with SMU.

Iowa had less trouble in the mid-

western regional than it had at the first of the regular season, when the Hawkeyes couldn't get going and lost five of their first eight games. High-scoring Little Morehead, beaten 97-83, and Kentucky, defeated 89-77 were merely victims No. 15 and 16 in the rapidly growing streak of the Big Ten champions. Carl (Sagor) Cain, the graceful Iowa forward, was the hottest man in both Hawkeye wins. Against Morehead he scored 28 points and rebounded magnificently; against Kentucky he hit 34. Cain's brilliant display outshone even that of Kentucky's towering Bob Burrow, who finally led the Wildcats past Wayne with 33 points and then raked up 31 in a losing cause against not only Iowa's team but a well-timed booring Iowa audience as well.

Whether the bees bothered Kentucky, they certainly didn't help tough little Canisius across the country in Philadelphia's Palestra. Biggest surprise of the entire tournament, Canisius missed over half its free throws in the important quarter-final game as a heavily partisan crowd of Temple backers shook even the television cameras with their howls. But the home-town Owls weren't missing anything, including two free throws in the last two seconds of play by high-scoring Hal Lear which wrapped up the 66-53 victory. When the screams died down, even Canisius had to admit that Temple probably deserved it: to gain a shot at Iowa, the Owls beat Holy Cross 74-72 in the last six seconds, outscored Connecticut behind a 40-point outburst by Lear and then toppled Canisius on the play-making and shooting of a sophomore fireball named Guy Rodgers.

SMU must have been playing possum in its first-round scrape past Texas Tech; in the two victories at Lawrence, Kansas over Houston (89-74) and Oklahoma City (84-63), the smooth Mustangs almost blew their opponents off the court. In the first game, 6-foot-3 Jim Krebs stopped Houston's 7-foot Don Boldebeck with 11 points and scored 27 himself. Against Oklahoma City, Joel Krog and Larry Shewalter shook loose for 22 and 20 points, while the Chiefs' zone defense concentrated on stopping Krebs.

As the four semifinalists got ready for Evanston, most observers of the pageant saw San Francisco over SMU (too much Russell, they said) and Iowa over Temple (too much height said Kentucky, which had lost to both teams). And in the final, few were willing to bet that even Iowa, a truly fine team, could stop the Dons—or even make them work very hard. (RWB)

NCAA PLAYOFF RESULTS

FIRST ROUND

Canisius 76 - NC State 76
Connecticut 50 - North Carolina 35
Dartmouth 61 - West Virginia 59
Morehead St. 107 - Marshall 97
Oklahoma City 87 - Memphis 81
Seattle 68 - Idaho State 66
So. Methodist 62 - Texas Tech 57
Temple 74 - Holy Cross 72
Wayne 77 - De Paul 63

SECOND ROUND

Clemson 66 - Dartmouth 58
Iowa 87 - Morehead 53
Kentucky 84 - Wayne 64
Oklahoma City 87 - Kansas St. 83
San Francisco 77 - UCLA 61
So. Methodist 89 - Houston 74
Temple 65 - Connecticut 59
Utah 81 - Seattle 72

QUARTER FINAL ROUND

Iowa 89 - Kentucky 77
San Francisco 82 - Utah 77
So. Methodist 84 - Oklahoma City 63
Temple 60 - Canisius 58

DRAWING BY ROBERT RAZER

WILLIE AND HIS SADDLE

Between them both, they managed to bring Sailer home and give Nashua his worst defeat

by WHITNEY TOWER

EVEN the nervous members of the syndicate which bought him for the staggering price of \$1,251,500 knew perfectly well that sooner or later Nashua was going to take a licking. What none of them dared to dream, however, was that when defeat came it would be as plainly decisive and stunning as the setback administered by Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sjaane's Sailer in last Saturday's \$109,000 Gulfstream Park Handicap. Even before the numbers went up—and certainly before anyone could get around to saying anything nice about Sailer's magnificent race—the dazed audience started murmuring to one another, "Whatever happened to Nashua?" His worst showing in three seasons of racing saw him finish way back in fifth place—some seven lengths behind Sailer, who led almost from flagfall to the wire in covering the mile and a quarter in 2:00 3/5. And before Nashua crossed the line he was preceded by an obscure chestnut named Mielles, Alfred Vanderbilt's Find, and Wise Margin, a 6-year-old who up to this point had distinguished himself by doing no better than one third in three starts over at the Fair Grounds. Then came Nashua.

As he stood up bravely in his box to accept condolences and to ready himself for a barrage of questions, syndicate front man Leslie Combs II made a good try at hiding his bitter disappointment. Looking down from his Turf Club box, his eyes darting first to the spectacle of Nashua being led slowly away, then to the triumphant scene in the winner's circle, Combs gave it the real college try. "That, I suppose, is horse racing. People come to see your horse lose as much as they come to see him win. They know he can't win 'em all—and now we know it too. I just don't know what happened out there."

A man with a less philosophical point of view on such matters gave perhaps the only true explanation of what did happen out there. Striding gleefully back to the jockeys' quarters accompanied by Trainer Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, Eddie Arcaro was leveling with anybody within earshot. "Nashua showed me a little run going past the stands the first time, but when we hit the half-mile pole that's when he really came up empty on me." Eddie shot a fery glance at the questioning reporters and went on. "He ran out of—uh—talent, shall we say, and from then on—well, hell, I don't have to say it,



everybody saw it—he just didn't run, and that's it."

Arcaro is not by nature the sort of man who makes a habit of knocking a horse who has done his share in giving them both added notoriety and, having just given Nashua an exceedingly quick brushoff, he now felt it only right to start a mild buildup again: "I will say this for him, though, he's never had to give away that sort of weight before. This horse is going to have to give away weight if he's going to be as good as they're trying to make him out to be."

It was left to Willie Hartack, Sailer's jockey, to make the resolution of the day. The Sailer board of strategy—Trainer Preston Burch and Willie—figured they knew what they wanted to do to win the race, but even their careful plans went wrong. "Mr. Burch thought the pace would be pretty slow," said Willie, "and he was right. We figured I would lay about a length off the lead in second place. But going into the first turn my saddle started to slip. Well, hell, this can be dangerous, you know. A guy's liable to fall off and get hurt. So I went to the front right away and just tried to save as much as I could for the stretch because I knew Nashua would be coming at me. Well, he didn't come at me and I was still going good at the finish. This colt is real good."

Just how good Sailer is cannot, of course, be determined strictly on the results of one race. But the fact remains that this chestnut 4-year-old by Rhihi Thirty is a solid performer with a world of heart. A year ago he didn't mix with the big boys too much but, just the same, in 12 starts he managed to win eight races and get two seconds, for earnings of \$138,175. Mrs. Steane can expect a lot of workmanlike mileage out of him before this season is over, and she can also, I imagine, not expect to get 10 pounds from Nashua the next time they meet. At the moment this is not bothering a very happy Preston Burch and a just-as-delighted Willie Hartack.

"Bill," said Burch as the two parted late Saturday afternoon, "just remember something, will you?"

"Sure. What is it?"

"When this horse is running, you just plan on being nowhere but right with me."

"Don't worry," said Hartack with a broad smile. "I'll be around. In fact, I'll be a pleasure."

A great many people may not care as much at the moment as they have

in recent weeks, but somehow the subject of the future of both Nashua and Swaps keeps cropping up in the news from time to time, and unfortunately a good deal of the news is rumor and nothing else. For one thing, there seems to be a lot of talk about Nashua being retired. On this subject, hear Leslie Combs: "There is no question of his being retired this year. We want to lose Citation's record [Nashua earned \$2,500 for finishing fifth Saturday but is still \$45,248 behind the record], and despite the loss to Sailer we're going to keep on trying. We're going to keep on trying. We're pointing for no particular race but anticipating for everything. Our decision to run will always be based on the condition of the horse and the weights assigned to us. I don't want to run Nashua carrying over 130 pounds. So if the handicappers are good to us we'll be around for the full season."

Another unanswered question centers around Swaps's failure to oppose Saturday's Gulfstream Park Handicap field. On this subject, hear Trainer Mike Tenney: "With the tender condition of Swaps's foot, I'm still trying to bring him along slowly. I refuse to start the horse until he's ready, and I don't particularly like to hear rumors saying that we're just trying to duck Nashua. When we're ready we'll meet Nashua or any other horse—it makes no difference. As a matter of fact, I feel quite sure that sometime, somewhere this season both Nashua and Swaps will be ready at the same time and that another meeting of the two of them is inevitable."

Almost overlooked in the excitement of Sailer's win Saturday was the six-and-a-half furlong seventh race among some highly regarded 3-year-olds. Some of them are pretty good Kentucky Derby favorites. You can't, of course, pick a Derby winner from the results of a sprint, so it wasn't altogether too surprising to see that speed out, Decathlon, run off with first money while Rex Ellsworth's entry of Terzag and Like Magic (first and fourth recently in the Santa Anita Derby) wound up fourth and sixth, just in front and back of Calumet Farm's Liberty Sun. All of this is going to make for a wide-open Florida Derby at Gulfstream this Saturday, and it's going to be pretty interesting to see whether the Flamingo winner, Needles, can put the opposition to shame again and somehow seriously justify his position as the leading 3-year-old in the country. **C.M.B.**



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COLUMN OF THE WEEK

Frankie Carbo keeps his promise
and Blinky gets his payoff with

SAXTON'S REWARD

by DAN PARKER
New York Daily Mirror

OUT IN CHICAGO, where boxing is run as it should be run by a fearless commissioner named Lou Radziwila who yields to no man is his admiration for James Douglas Norris and the IBC, justice was done to Blinky Palermo Wednesday night when the welterweight title was returned to his tender talons. Through a unanimous decision that made the cockyards small by comparison like a blooming orange grove, Blinky's Johnny Saxton was proclaimed world's welterweight champion again after a 15-round bout with Carmen Basilio.

If Saxton deserved the decision, it must have been either a wrestling match or a marathon race rather than a boxing bout on which the verdict was based because the only respects in which the poorest welterweight champion of all time outshone the victimized defender were at clutching and running. Basilio chased Johnny from pillar to post and often seemed about to send him diving through the ropes to escape the fury of his attack. But, in the end, Chicago justice prevailed, and the great wrong done to Blinky Palermo, Saxton's manager, by taking the title out of his hands was righted, just as Frankie (The Enforcer) Carbo promised it would be.

It will be recalled that Promoter Norris, Frankie's good friend, was slowly roasting on Commissioner Julius Helland's griddle in New York because the IBC was giving Basilio, outstanding welterweight contender, the run-around, as The Mob's fighters swapped the title back and forth among themselves. Under these conditions, Frankie told Blinky that if he waived a return match he had booked with Tony DeMarco, who had won the title from Saxton, and let Basilio have the bout, to take the heat off friend Jim, Johnny would get his return shot at the crown

and everything would be all right.

Well, everything was all right, if we overlook Wednesday night's decision, but it had to be that way if Frankie, a man of his word, wasn't to be embarrassed. Now The Mob, which hasn't been able to handle honest Carmen, the earnest onion planter, is in a position to make smart moves with the title again and none of this honey-badoney that's hurting The Game so much in New York. It was getting so a guy couldn't rig a fight there any more without all kinds of investigations. Chicago is the town for title bouts, as Commissioner Radziwils will tell you. First, there are no character assassins out that way, always insinuating that The Game isn't as free of suspicion as Caesar's wife. In Chicago people are more cooperative with the great work Jim Norris is doing. The word probably should be "works." Anyway, they certainly seemed in against poor, trusting Carmen who was led into this trip under the impression that virtue always triumphs.

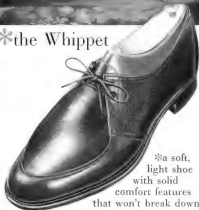
BASILIO WAS SACRIFICED

How much ability and popular appeal mean to the IBC and its wire pullers can be seen when a fine, honest, popular fighter like Basilio is sacrificed to get Saxton, boxing's No. 1 arena stinker, back on the throne. Basilio has never appeared in a bad fight. The honesty of his efforts has never been questioned. He and Rocky Marciano are the two heroes of the current crop in whom the public has unlimited confidence. Saxton, on the other hand, has seldom engaged in a bout that didn't emit a bad odor. He won the title the first time on a decision that almost forced Philadelphia to abandon the city because of its stench. But the Chicago verdict that crowned Saxton as champion for the second time made the first one seem like lily-of-the-valley perfume. The crowd in the stadium was still heeling after the TV cameras switched back to the ring after the postfight deluge of commercials had been inflicted on a video audience that must have been more increased even than those who saw it in the flesh.

When the decision of the three officials was announced to the stunned audience, the only thing that kept the walls of the stadium from caving in must have been heavy mortgages, and the fact that right, as interpreted by Blinky Palermo, Frankie Carlo, et al., had triumphed over night, as demonstrated by the real winner, Carmen Basilio. **C.H.B.**



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From St. Petersburg to Cuba the ocean yachts fought
out the last leg of the southern racing season and

IT WAS 'FINISTERRE'

by EZRA BOWEN

NINE MONTHS after his gray-hulled yawl *Finisterre* slid past Moro Castle at 3:55 a.m. March 13 to be declared winner on corrected time of the St. Petersburg-Havana race, Carleton Mitchell was contentedly sipping a drink by the edge of the salt-water swimming pool of Havana's swank Hotel Nacional. Tanned and tired from 63 hours and 38 minutes of drifting and sailing hard on the wind through the Gulf of Mexico and the Florida Straits, he had the air of a man who had earned some rest and was going to enjoy it. For, by winning the 284-mile gird from St. Petersburg, Mitchell and *Finisterre* had wrapped up one of the biggest prizes in yacht racing circles—the Florida Governor's Cup, awarded each year to the boat that scores the most points in the five races that make up the southern ocean racing circuit.

"You can't tread on the ghosts of your predecessors," said Mitchell, "but I think this year was the fairest test of sailing we could possibly have had. You had those five races, with different conditions in each race."

The particular ghost that Mitchell had in mind was that of *Roof Mox*, the 40-foot yawl which had won the southern circuit the two previous years, and, more to the point, had taken the trophy in 1955 by whipping *Finisterre* in a tight one-two finish at Havana. *Roof Mox* has since gone out of southern competition (St. March 5), but her ghost is very much alive in Mitchell's mind. "I wish *Roof Mox* were still here," he said earnestly. "I think the results would have been the same."

The ghost, in a sense, was reincarnated this January by the addition to the fleet of a red-hulled 40-foot cutter named *Cossack*, captained by Engineering Contractor Jack Price of Miami and manned by much the same crew that kept *Roof Mox* a jump ahead of *Finisterre* last year. But *Cossack* was not the only threat to *Finisterre* in the circuit. As the season unfolded, one boat after another made a run at the broad-beamed 35-foot yawl.

Finisterre took them on one by one. *Cossack* was first, and took the first meeting. The season opened Jan. 20,

the 48-mile Ft. Lauderdale-Bimini race, began with a windward leg in light, buoy-aided conditions with a strong spinnaker run. *Finisterre* worked herself into a lead position on the windward leg by moving too close to the Florida shore, where the wind went almost flat. *Cossack* followed the same course for a while, but then moved off the beach into the Gulf Stream, found a good northwest breeze and rode it into Bimini to come home a winner in her very first race. Mitchell salvaged fourth place.

In the next race, the Lipton Cup on Jan. 28 over a 30-mile triangular course off Miami Beach, *Finisterre* got it back. The wind was blowing at 20 mph—perfect weather for a heavy little boat and she was it all the way. In the following race, 184 miles from Miami to Nassau,

the breeze blew even harder. Wind indicators constantly read above 25, and there were gusts up to 40. All through the fleet, sail tracks ripped off and winches jammed from the force of wind on the full-bellied racing sails. Even *Finisterre* had trouble. With the race virtually won as she passed Great Scraper Light only 60 miles from Nassau, her headstay suddenly let go. "The mast was whipping around like a fishing rod," Mitchell said. "We thought it was going to go any second." But the spar held until a new fitting could be set on. Fifteen miles later her mainsail split in two. By the time another sail was hoisted, Dr. Luis H. Vidalia's 67-foot *Criollo* had taken a commanding position and won the race, with the battered *Finisterre* second. *Cossack* could not do better than 12th. And when *Finisterre* took the 30-mile Nassau Cup race Feb. 4, with *Criollo* second, *Cossack* was virtually out of the Governor's Cup competition for good.

That brought *Finisterre* into the climactic Havana race leading the circuit with a total of 107.4 points, 13.1 ahead of her nearest rival and 31.5 ahead of *Cossack*. But with the big St. Petersburg-Havana race counting for 48% of the entire total, Mitchell was assured

RESULTS 1956 SOUTHERN OCEAN RACING

1. <i>Finisterre</i>	Carleton Mitchell	Annapolis, Md.	232.4
2. <i>Bilani</i>	Rugh Schaddelée	Grand Rapids, Mich.	200.
3. <i>Criollo</i>	Leon Vidalia	Havana	195.7
4. <i>Mops</i>	Fred Guggenheimer	Lowell, Mass.	191.3
5. <i>Fujero</i>	William Smith	Georgetown, Cont.	179.1
6. <i>Osage</i>	Manuel Garcia-Raya	Havana	169.6
7. <i>Guilfoyle</i>	M. E. Henningsgaard	New York	161.6
8. <i>Good Hope</i>	W. Percock Jr.	Pompano Beach, Fla.	150.6
9. <i>Cossack</i>	Jack Price	Miami, Fla.	157.9
10. <i>Valiant</i>	Bill Carl George Ryan Dorley Hill Richard Wright	Corpus Christi, Tex.	125.9
11. <i>Spree</i>	Dr. William Roper	Miami, Fla.	120.1
12. <i>El Estero</i>	A. G. B. Watson	Clearwater, Fla.	96.4

FT. LAUDERDALE-BIMINI (NO CLASS)	LIPTON CUP (NO CLASS)	MIAMI-NASSAU	NASSAU CUP (NO CLASS)	ST. PETERSBURG-HAVANA
First Finisher— <i>Finisterre</i>	First Finisher— <i>Bilani</i>	First Finisher— <i>Criollo</i>	First Finisher— <i>Criollo</i>	First Finisher— <i>Mops</i>
Winner— <i>Cossack</i>	Winner— <i>Finisterre</i>	Winner— <i>Criollo</i>	Winner— <i>Finisterre</i>	Winner— <i>Cossack</i>
Second— <i>Fujero</i>	Second— <i>Spree</i>	Class A— <i>Criollo</i>	Second— <i>Criollo</i>	Class A— <i>Mops</i>
Third— <i>Bilani</i>	Third— <i>Cossack</i>	Class B— <i>Bilani</i>	Third— <i>Bilani</i>	Class B— <i>Fujero</i>
Fourth— <i>Finisterre</i>	Fourth— <i>Guilfoyle</i>	Class C— <i>Finisterre</i>	Fourth— <i>Cossack</i>	Class C— <i>Finisterre</i>

of nothing. Furthermore, Dr. Luis Vidafa, now his closest competitor, had come into the circuit this year with *Criollo* determined to win or else. "When I buy *Criollo*," he said, "I do it because I want a boat who can win three prizes—first to finish, first in fleet, first in Class A. With my other boat, *Cielos*, I was always among first three, but I never be first finisher like Miami-Nassau." *Criollo*'s had sailed no less than 5,000 practice miles before the circuit began, and with four good races behind them, her young crew was, according to the peered skipper, as efficient as an ocean-going crew can get.

When the race finally got under way, if it can be called that, in a nearly flat calm at noon March 10, it turned out that Mitchell and Vidafa were right. It was, for the most part, a big-boat race, although *Criollo* was never really in contention. When the gun sounded, *Criollo* and *Finisterra* were sitting close in shore, almost motionless, their spinnakers drooping in limp creases from their halyards. Farther offshore *Cielos*, skippered this year by Manuel Garcia Nava of Havana, moved along in a slight breeze, then picked up a southwesterly, and slid well ahead of the fleet. Gradually the other boats caught the southwesterly, dropped their spinnakers, and came up close-hauled to beat out of Tampa Bay.

A THREE-WAY RACE

When the yachts reached the south-west channel at the mouth of Tampa Bay, a three-way duel had been set up for the lead between *Cielos*, the 80-foot sloop-rigged boat Volant and Fred Guggenheimer's 57-foot cutter *Mogo*. Splitting tacks with Volant, *Mogo* moved into second place, then tacked four times inside the smaller *Cielos* and rounded the sea buoy into the Gulf of Mexico in first place. At this point, with *Criollo* moved up to fifth and *Finisterra* well back in the fleet, the wind gave out altogether and when the sun went down the fleet was once again motionless.

That night at 12:45, the port watch on *Mogo* heard the slapping of a boat moving up in the calm, and Volant, gliding under some mysterious breeze of her own, slid alongside like a great white shark, being there for about five minutes, and then moved out to take the lead by a quarter of a mile. By 7 o'clock Sunday morning, with the wind freshening from the southeast, *Mogo* made up the distance, and for the next 18 hours, as the rest of the fleet dropped out of sight astern, the two big yachts had it out boat for boat

like two Snipes on an afternoon race. Finally, after a tense huffing match at about 10:50 Sunday night, Volant began to drop steadily astern. At 3 a.m., just as *Mogo*'s crew was thrashing around on the wet foredeck changing to a smaller headsail in the freshening breeze, Volant's Genoa sheet snapped in two. That, as far as the contest for first boat into the harbor was concerned, was the race.

Criollo, defending the honor of Cuba, was at this point peeping along in light winds a dozen miles to leeward and 20 miles behind, a fact which was made known to the reception committee in Havana by radio and Coast Guard patrol plane. When *Mogo* came boiling past Moro Castle at 4:45 Monday afternoon, she was met by a host of shrieking Americans and very sober Cubans. As soon as *Mogo* touched the dock, Morley Guggenheimer, the party blonde wife of the owner, jumped aboard, threw her arms around her husband and yelled, "Those Cubans are dyin'!" They died a little more when *Criollo*'s handicap ran out and it became apparent that she had not only lost as first boat, but would lose in her class as well. And when *Finisterra* finally checked in at 3:36 Tuesday morning, with enough handicap time saved to beat *Mogo* by 45 minutes for first place in the race and thus claim the Governor's Cup, the silence at the International Yacht Club was deafening. The only cheerful man aboard *Criollo* was Dr. Vidafa himself, who congratulated everybody, asked everybody to lunch and had Fred Guggenheimer hoisted triumphantly aboard, where he was enveloped by Vidafa in a warm Latin embrace.

Back at the Nacional, Carleton Mitchell was plainly pleased. What pleased him most was not so much that Mitchell the sailor had won the southern circuit. He had done that twice before in 1952 and 1953 with the 57-foot yawl *Caribbea*. His real pleasure came from the performance of *Finisterra*, the design of which he had spent two years working out with Sparkman and Stephens, and which had proved itself, as Mitchell said, under all conditions. "No other small boat in history has ever been a heavy-weather boat," he said, thinking back to Lip-ton, Miami-Nassau and Nassau Cup. "And it's impressed everybody because it's never happened before. We've always felt we went equally well in light weather, and here in the Havana race we proved it. I wouldn't be surprised if *Finisterra* started something of a revolution in boat design." (E.H.R.)

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College students get a jump on summer in sports-minded Bermuda, where tennis was introduced to America, Rugby is king and coral beaches afford early tans

BERMUDA COLLEGE WEEK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK

EVERY YEAR, just before Easter, when colleges on the eastern seaboard pause for spring vacations, the sunny islands of Bermuda play happy host to thousands of collegians in a balmy College Week that lasts for 28 days. Although students come and go for various parts of this four-week celebration, the islands are habitually sold out, down to the last spare room that can be temporarily wheedled from an island householder. The climax comes at the end with Rugby Week, which was the whole show when the tradition of Bermuda College Week was started in 1935. Teams from Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth, Princeton and others in the East take on British service teams, local Bermuda teams and each other. The activities off the Rugby field move at just as fast a pace. Students compete in weekly tennis and golf tournaments on the islands' magnificent courts and courses; they sunbathe, splash in the surf, play in volleyball tournaments and elect a new Miss College Week in Bermuda each week; they form convoys of sightseers on buzzing

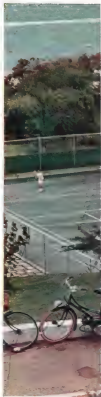
motor hires which are the principal means of transportation for tourists on the islands; they throng the shops on Front Street in Hamilton to buy devalued-priced bargains in cashmere and Shetland sweaters, madras Bermuda shorts and blazers. Once a week they converge at a Front Street pier to board an old Mississippi River steamboat, the *Chammy M. De Pew*, for a two-hour cruise to the township of St. George, where the colony was first settled in 1612, and the fort of St. Catherine to see the Gombey, brilliantly costumed native dancers. At night some students switch about and entertain others. Like the Yale Whifflespoofs last year, they may appear thrice nightly at the Castle Harbour Hotel, yet be fighting it out on the Rugby fields again the next morning. All of this activity is supervised by the Bermuda News Bureau, which assures the continuity of operations by regular winter visits to colleges on the mainland where pictures are shown from previous years. After all, it's a pretty safe bet that the collegian of today will be tomorrow's honeymooner.



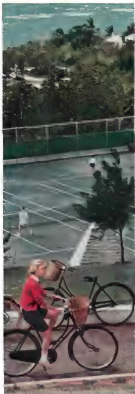
"CHAMMY M. DE PEW," WITH CAPTAIN CHOW, IS HEADED FOR ST. GEORGE.

FROM "IN THE SURF" at Elbow Beach is today waving up for Wendy Mirick of Brandeis Junior College, Lawrence Goodyear (left) and Lee Ann, both Yale '68. Wendy was crowned Miss College Week in Bermuda tonight.





SELECTION OF A QUEEN in weekly highlight. In 1955 four Miss College Weeks were selected from candidates rounded up from sunbathers on Elbow Beach. Judges included His Worship, the Mayor of Hamilton.



BIKES AND TENNIS are part of never-ending activity. Tennis is organized in tournaments at Elbow Beach Club. Cyclist is Mary Johnson of Sweet Briar.



GOLF TOURNAMENT puts collegians up against duplicates of world-famous holes. Pete Nimchon, the Yale sophomore who was, driver at Mid-Down.



A NEW SPORT is skin-diving with air lungs. Bermuda Divers Jeanne and Park Breck instruct Herb Francis of Tulis and Toni Colby of Smith before their first underwater exploration of Bermuda's reefs.



RIGBY PRACTICE on sand beaches conditions Ivy League's for scrums with British, Bermudian, Canadian and U.S. Navy sides. Trophies are given to both collegiate and national teams.

RIGBY FOR REAL produces Harvard victory over Dartmouth for 1955 collegiate championship on the Bermuda Athletic Association gold medal gallery (top includes British Regimental Band).





the car... the Jaguar XK-140 hardtop coupe . . . about to depart from the Plaza midst a modest cloud of admiring glances. For this version of the fabulous "XK" (there are three models) is considered by automotive aesthetes to be one of the all-time gems of motor car design. The XK-140 Hardtop is particularly favored by business and professional men who make a pleasure of the security of driving. Cozy, comfortable, luxuriously appointed . . . and, of course, pure JAGUAR in performance. With additional rear seating accommodation, priced at approximately \$5,900.

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THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINEAWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from 81 bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas; and on reports from fish and game commissions of the 48 states and Alaska

Montana sportsmen rescue an elk refuge;
a southern football coach wins a big one;
the spirit of Mike Fink touches West
Virginia; and Canadians boo the Caribou

REFUGE RESCUED

MONTANA CONSERVATIONISTS notched a substantial victory last week when the State Land Board voted to remove 3,499 acres in the Sun River Game Refuge from a scheduled oil- and gas-lease sale. Conservationists and sportsmen alike felt that any development of the area would seriously jeopardize it as excellent winter range for elk. One vigorous opponent of the lease sale was Leslie H. Peters, Great Falls artist; and, incidentally, son of a millionaire oil man.

SWAP SHOP

ENTRICHATE as modern wildlife management can be, a good old-fashioned trade sometimes solves problems. Not long ago, for example, Colorado swapped 16 bighorn sheep to Montana for eight mountain goats. South Dakota shipped spare cattish to Colorado, taking wild turkeys in return. New Mexico traded eight wild turkeys for 25 South Dakota sage grouse. Wyoming also wanted New Mexican turkeys and relinquished some elk to get them. Idaho last year gave cutthroat trout eggs to Wyoming and took golden trout eggs in return. What happens if a state can't find anything to trade? It swaps dollars for the game it needs.

CATCH BY A COACH

BOBBY DODD, the Georgia Tech football coach, is a man who likes to fish. A few days ago with wife and son, Dodd was sitting in a skiff on Calhoun Lake at Hamilton, Ga., casting for bass. He was using a standard casting rod, 15-pound test line, and surface plug. What happened next is best expressed in Dodd's own words which prove that a coach can chapsodize about something besides a bowl victory. "I tried this top water bait," said Dodd, "and just plunked around. I never had such a big strike. I thought he'd overturn us. He looked so big

hanging up out of the water. He just inhaled that little plug and away he went. I never had one this big take his whole body out of water more than once, I mean just like a tarpon, leaping



COACH'S TROPHY. a 15-pound bass, is displayed by Georgia Tech's Bobby Dodd.

up into the sky nearly twice his length above the water. He did that three times. In between those jumps he was thrashing around just like a drowning hellier and just as loud. I don't know how long it took but I boated him and I still couldn't believe it."

Dodd's "he" turned out to be a "she," a female laden with roe and weighing 13 pounds 11 ounces. It was one of the heftiest bass taken from Georgia waters in more than 10 years. Stuffed, it will replace a nine-pounder on Dodd's office wall.

TEST CASE

(Cont.)

On March 12 so reported on the forthcoming murder trial of West Virginia Conservation Officer Elmer Anderson and its implications for future game law enforcement. News from Ohio comes a dispatch that leads to speculation on the status of conservation officers throughout the nation.

On the opening day of Ohio's rabbit and pheasant season last Nov. 16, Game Protector Irvin Patrick, aged 43, approached a party of hunters near Washington Court House in Fayette

County. He inspected their bag, found several hen pheasants and attempted to make an arrest. Some of the hunters objected. A scuffle ensued and a shotgun in the hands of one of the hunters, former Adams County Sheriff George Baldridge, went off. Patrick died on the way to the hospital. On March 7 a Fayette County jury found Baldridge guilty of first degree manslaughter.

That would seem to justify Patrick's position as an officer. But under the Ohio statutes, game protectors are not entitled to the death and injury benefits accorded other law enforcement officers. Patrick's widow will thus get no compensation, has had to file suit against Baldridge. Meanwhile, the Ohio Game Protectors Association and the Ohio Wildlife Division will go on trying to earn for their officers the same benefits granted other state law enforcement personnel and are readying a bill for the 1957 legislature.

SHOOTING THE MOON

THE WIDGEON is one duck with an unfortunate affinity for California's Imperial Valley. Every fall immense flocks of baldpate descend on this grain-rich area, and until they depart is the spring it is a battle of farmer ingenuity against duck appetite. For perverse reasons all their own, the widgeon feed only at night and can reduce a field to stubble with remarkable efficiency. Farmer gambits to discourage this activity include searchlights, grenades and a mechanism which alternately goes bang and flashes light. Also, under a special game depredation order, the Fish and Wildlife Service has authorized round-the-clock widgeon hunting, and, in this situation at least, the farmer welcomes the hunter. But a wildfowler, no matter how enthusiastic, experiences a certain difficulty in hitting ducks he can't see and so except during a full moon, no vast number of the estimated 40,000 valley baldpate wind up on the dinner table. An exception is furnished by oca

man who seemingly couldn't relax while everyone else couldn't hit. Confounded, the duckless gunners asked this chap how he did it. No mystery, it seems. He was a Britisher, and in England much dark hunting is done at night.

WOLVES AT THE DOOR

JAMES CURRAN, late publisher of the *Sault Ste. Marie* (Ontario) *Daily Star*, once observed: "Any man who says he has been 'et' by a wolf is a damned liar." Until recently no one turned up to challenge Curran's pithy dogmatism, but in the last month Ontario has reported two authenticated wolf attacks on man, the first recorded in the province's history. Frank Milton of Kettlehart was walking down a bush road when a wolf suddenly leaped on his back. Milton bopped the animal with his ax and escaped without a bite.

The attack was witnessed by a man who knows a wolf when he sees one. Two other bush workers were attacked in January, and on the outskirts of Sudbury (population almost 100,000) a wolf followed two dogs right onto a farmhouse veranda. This unexpected episode of wolf activity is directly traceable to a rabies epidemic now sweeping Ontario. Foxes, dogs and cats have also succumbed on Ontario residents, but luckily the province has yet to report a death due to rabies.

BOODING THE CARIBOU

WHEN THE CANADIAN post office recently made public the designs of two new wildlife stamps, a wave of purple prose crested and thundered through Parliament. "The mountain goat on that stamp has the ears of an

ass, the mouth of a cow, the eyes of a deepwalker and the horns of a yak," wailed post-office critic William Hamilton of the Conservative Party, and then he added, "the caribou stamp looks like a drunkard's nightmare." Hamilton's column, picturesque as it was, still didn't faze L. J. Mills, director of the post office's financial branch, which issues the stamps. In fact, he seemed delighted. "The very fact that the stamps are being criticized," retorted Mills, "is an indication of the fact that they are attracting attention and that people are thinking about them. We stand by the accuracy of the reproduction." So readers (see above) can draw their own conclusions.



TWO STAMPS showing caribou (left) and goat have aroused Canadian controversy.

FINK'S PLINKS

MIKE FINK, the oldtime king of river boating, has been immortalized in prose, ballad and, recently, on TV's *Dinoglad*. One of Mike's favorite in-its-cups amusements, as the story goes, was to shoot tin cans off any available head, particularly off that of his young friend Carpenter. Carpenter in turn did the same for Mike. Inevitably this harmless bit of frontier horseplay began to take on competitive overtones and it was no surprise that the whole affair slid toward alcoholic disaster. Carpenter, somewhat sozzled, creased Mike's scalp one day. Mike thereupon drilled Carpenter right between the eyes. Some chroniclers insist that Fink never missed unless he wanted to, but he died protesting that Carpenter's demise was a dreadful mistake.

The spirit of Mike Fink lives on, and no one can better testify to that than West Virginia Conservation Officer Claude E. Rice. Hearing shots near his house recently, Rice slipped out to apprehend what he assumed were out-of-season hunters. Instead he found three nontipping teen-agers plinking tin cans off each other's heads with a .32 rifle. Rice delivered a stern lecture

on gun safety but later remarked that the lads were pretty good shots. At least, none of them shot low.

LICENSE TO DABBLE

A FEATURE of many sportsmen's shows these days is a portable tank stuffed with unhappy trout. For a fee, one may dabble a fly and catch a fish. Missing, of course, is the whisper of wind through streamside foliage and the roar of water bounding down its mountain course. But, as far as the Pennsylvania Fish Commission is concerned, esthetic considerations don't mitigate the law. Whether one dabbles in a tank or famous Bushkill Creek one still buys a Pennsylvania fishing license or just doesn't fish. The legal damper thus applied, officials of the Pennsylvania Recreation and Sportsmen's Show (which opened March 24 in Harrisburg) provided license-buying facilities. It isn't known if a warden was assigned to patrol the tank.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SO—season opened for sport; SC—season closed (or closed); C—clear water; D—water dry or icy; M—water muddy; N—water at normal height; SH—slightly high; N—high; VH—very high; L—low; R—rising; F—falling; WTSS—water temperature; FG—fishing good; FF—fishing fair; FP—fishing poor; OG—outlook good; OF—outlook fair; OP—outlook poor.

BLACK BASS: NORTH CAROLINA: FG and OG for largemouth bass to 3 pounds in ponds, lakes, productive creeks and freshwater ponds from Currituck on Kittyhawk. Sage Head angler reports FF:4 in Kittyhawk Bay with artificial lures but bass are still fairly deep.

LOBSTER: 300 fishermen opened season at Larcum's Waterfront Refuge last Thursday, and most of them took limits from the 15,000 acres of intertidal water open to lobstering for first time in two years.

MINNOW: Best fishing in state is in Mingo-Duck Creek area where 90 March 13; water is clear, cutback is excellent, best lure are medium-deep slugs.

FISHING: Lake Champlain is at lowest level in 10 years and most lake throughout state need win for improved fishing. St. John's River, near Riverdale, was producing bass in 4-pound class for live-bait fishermen last week and 101. Lake Tarpon near Tarpon Springs produced a pair of 11-pound bass last week and four others above 3 pounds. OVG.

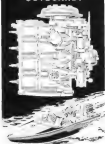
RENNER: Last Sunday was B-day for Randall Grammer of DeLand, Fla. Mr. Grammer went to the Martin Perry dock on Wood's Reserve to look at the water; it looked good, so he borrowed a rod and reel and in two hours caught a limit of bass in 4½ hours. When he

Among last week's noteworthy catches: a 115-pound 6-ounce WHITE MARLIN busted after a 40-minute battle on 25-pound test line by Mrs. Jack Daughley of Merritt, Ill. fishing out of Marathon, Florida Keys. By Rex Boone, Detroit third baseman, a 90-pound LARGE-MOUTH BASS from Lake Morton, Ill. A 17-pound 4-ounce STEELHEAD taken from Red Canyon Lake, Idaho on 6-pound test line by Trev Baugh of Boise. Ron Gamble led from 8-ounce 3-ounce BROWN TROUT from Cawichas River, British Columbia for possible provincial record. A 61-pound 4-ounce ALLISON TUNA boated off Nantux, BWI by Charles Hayward of London, England.

FISH BOX

THE OUTDOOR WEEK
continued from page 61

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1950 Eastman Corporation, Feed Co. La., Wis.
Automatic engine, manual Gear, 1950

get home, Mrs. Grammer presented him with an eight-cented baby hog. PH and OO at Kentucky, Dale Mellow, Centre Hill, Cherokee, Norris and Douglas hogs. Grammer spent two hottest spots at Centre Hill are Cane-Hudson and Indian Creek.

[illegible]

and the Council. The Mining Ministry's paper was providing fast action in three-to-four-foot-deep water around reefs. Shallow-raising plugs get best results but a few outside bars are being made a few inches deeper at a time.

PACIFIC SALMON: WASHINGTON: Caiman, 1994, 1995, 1997, are reported good months for fishing in Bellingham Bay, now combined with the 1996, 1998, 1999, and 2000, as a "Pacifi-Asian" fishing fish in 32 months, and 50%.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: FF G at Hartsboro Bay for springs is 20 pounds; PL: contains all stages (11.5 cm) and that stand up to 100.

CALIFORNIA: High winds kept most salmon party boats inside Golden Gate last week, but calmer weather in day and night most fish have not, were taken in 15 pounds. Maximal of 1000 and 1200 lb were taken, including 1000 lb salmon despite murky water. Sacramento River to Klamath River, NH, H and FVP.

MINGFISH: FLORIDA Kings are now being collected all along the Gulf Coast from Naples to Clearwater or farther north. Trollers off John's Pass south of St. Petersburg and off Indian Rocks report 500 to 1,000 are coming heavily on No. 7 to 10 spoons, and fish are averaging nearly 10 pounds. Action is slower off Sarasota, but it's hard to find any place south of Naples where there isn't a school within cruising distance.

MANILA: HAWAIIAN DELTAING Whales were plentiful off Manila and Cat Cap last week, according to a report from Lt. A. Thompson of the U.S.S. Albatross, which has been on a 40-day patrol in the Manila Bay area. The report also says that the whales were seen in the vicinity of the Albatross.

Remarks: As kingfisher departed, Mimuscaea last week, white marble and buffish took up some of dark for charmer bassmen; some report greenish and marble or red each side.



PATRON SAINT

An Oregon St. Bernard named Laddie Gough, a friendly eye on the deer that his master Alex McElennan has been feeding through a severe winter in the Cascade Mountains.

TROUT, SALMON: Fine reports from Sealand lakes in Knapall and Wharfedale regions are excellent, may increase somewhat next season.

THUNDER: Biggest recent storm surge seen in state as heavy trout catches in headwaters of 6 streams, Lake Mead and near Tumbleweed near Nye. Fishing at sites 540, 545, 550 and rainbows are "raining like hail," with 15-20 big trout in every pool and several over 6 pounds recorded. Trout action at junction of Mead River and the river, 014.

STUDY: As Walker Lake continues to produce earthworms to 22 pounds on walleyes, one Impressum, 4' fish, anglers took nine trout in one day. 1990-1991, 1992-1993, 1994-1995, 1996-1997, 1998-1999, 2000-2001, 2002-2003, 2004-2005, 2006-2007, 2008-2009, 2010-2011, 2012-2013, 2014-2015, 2016-2017, 2018-2019, 2020-2021, 2022-2023, 2024-2025, 2026-2027, 2028-2029, 2030-2031, 2032-2033, 2034-2035, 2036-2037, 2038-2039, 2040-2041, 2042-2043, 2044-2045, 2046-2047, 2048-2049, 2050-2051, 2052-2053, 2054-2055, 2056-2057, 2058-2059, 2060-2061, 2062-2063, 2064-2065, 2066-2067, 2068-2069, 2070-2071, 2072-2073, 2074-2075, 2076-2077, 2078-2079, 2080-2081, 2082-2083, 2084-2085, 2086-2087, 2088-2089, 2090-2091, 2092-2093, 2094-2095, 2096-2097, 2098-2099, 2100-2101, 2102-2103, 2104-2105, 2106-2107, 2108-2109, 2110-2111, 2112-2113, 2114-2115, 2116-2117, 2118-2119, 2120-2121, 2122-2123, 2124-2125, 2126-2127, 2128-2129, 2130-2131, 2132-2133, 2134-2135, 2136-2137, 2138-2139, 2140-2141, 2142-2143, 2144-2145, 2146-2147, 2148-2149, 2150-2151, 2152-2153, 2154-2155, 2156-2157, 2158-2159, 2160-2161, 2162-2163, 2164-2165, 2166-2167, 2168-2169, 2170-2171, 2172-2173, 2174-2175, 2176-2177, 2178-2179, 2180-2181, 2182-2183, 2184-2185, 2186-2187, 2188-2189, 2190-2191, 2192-2193, 2194-2195, 2196-2197, 2198-2199, 2200-2201, 2202-2203, 2204-2205, 2206-2207, 2208-2209, 2210-2211, 2212-2213, 2214-2215, 2216-2217, 2218-2219, 2220-2221, 2222-2223, 2224-2225, 2226-2227, 2228-2229, 2230-2231, 2232-2233, 2234-2235, 2236-2237, 2238-2239, 2240-2241, 2242-2243, 2244-2245, 2246-2247, 2248-2249, 2250-2251, 2252-2253, 2254-2255, 2256-2257, 2258-2259, 2260-2261, 2262-2263, 2264-2265, 2266-2267, 2268-2269, 2270-2271, 2272-2273, 2274-2275, 2276-2277, 2278-2279, 2280-2281, 2282-2283, 2284-2285, 2286-2287, 2288-2289, 2290-2291, 2292-2293, 2294-2295, 2296-2297, 2298-2299, 2300-2301, 2302-2303, 2304-2305, 2306-2307, 2308-2309, 2310-2311, 2312-2313, 2314-2315, 2316-2317, 2318-2319, 2320-2321, 2322-2323, 2324-2325, 2326-2327, 2328-2329, 2330-2331, 2332-2333, 2334-2335, 2336-2337, 2338-2339, 2340-2341, 2342-2343, 2344-2345, 2346-2347, 2348-2349, 2350-2351, 2352-2353, 2354-2355, 2356-2357, 2358-2359, 2360-2361, 2362-2363, 2364-2365, 2366-2367, 2368-2369, 2370-2371, 2372-2373, 2374-2375, 2376-2377, 2378-2379, 2380-2381, 2382-2383, 2384-2385, 2386-2387, 2388-2389, 2390-2391, 2392-2393, 2394-2395, 2396-2397, 2398-2399, 2400-2401, 2402-2403, 2404-2405, 2406-2407, 2408-2409, 2410-2411, 2412-2413, 2414-2415, 2416-2417, 2418-2419, 2420-2421, 2422-2423, 2424-2425, 2426-2427, 2428-2429, 2430-2431, 2432-2433, 2434-2435, 2436-2437, 2438-2439, 2440-2441, 2442-2443, 2444-2445, 2446-2447, 2448-2449, 2450-2451, 2452-2453, 2454-2455, 2456-2457, 2458-2459, 2460-2461, 2462-2463, 2464-2465, 2466-2467, 2468-2469, 2470-2471, 2472-2473, 2474-2475, 2476-2477, 2478-2479, 2480-2481, 2482-2483, 2484-2485, 2486-2487, 2488-2489, 2490-2491, 2492-2493, 2494-2495, 2496-2497, 2498-2499, 2500-2501, 2502-2503, 2504-2505, 2506-2507, 2508-2509, 2510-2511, 2512-2513, 2514-2515, 2516-2517, 2518-2519, 2520-2521, 2522-2523, 2524-2525, 2526-2527, 2528-2529, 2530-2531, 2532-2533, 2534-2535, 2536-2537, 2538-2539, 2540-2541, 2542-2543, 2544-2545, 2546-2547, 2548-2549, 2550-2551, 2552-2553, 2554-2555, 2556-2557, 2558-2559, 2560-2561, 2562-2563, 2564-2565, 2566-2567, 2568-2569, 2570-2571, 2572-2573, 2574-2575, 2576-2577, 2578-2579, 2580-2581, 2582-2583, 2584-2585, 2586-2587, 2588-2589, 2590-2591, 2592-2593, 2594-2595, 2596-2597, 2598-2599, 2600-2601, 2602-2603, 2604-2605, 2606-2607, 2608-2609, 2610-2611, 2612-2613, 2614-2615, 2616-2617, 2618-2619, 2620-2621, 2622-2623, 2624-2625, 2626-2627, 2628-2629, 2630-2631, 2632-2633, 2634-2635, 2636-2637, 2638-2639, 2640-2641, 2642-2643, 2644-2645, 2646-2647, 2648-2649, 2650-2651, 2652-2653, 2654-2655, 2656-2657, 2658-2659, 2660-2661, 2662-2663, 2664-2665, 2666-2667, 2668-2669, 2670-2671, 2672-2673, 2674-2675, 2676-2677, 2678-2679, 2680-2681, 2682-2683, 2684-2685, 2686-2687, 2688-2689, 2690-2691, 2692-2693, 2694-2695, 2696-2697, 2698-2699, 2700-2701, 2702-2703, 2704-2705, 2706-2707, 2708-2709, 2710-2711, 2712-2713, 2714-2715, 2716-2717, 2718-2719, 2720-2721, 2722-2723, 2724-2725,

CALIFORNIA: San Diego County 540 March 31 and 686 for Pine Valley Creek, Thomas Lake and San Jacinto River. Heavy rains triggered by these waters are well stored in put-and-take basins. Generalized April 15 for rest of state and stocking of one million legal trout now under way.

SMILED BASS: *Micropterus* L. 14-15 (small) fishing from Keweenaw Park south in Narrows (left); a fragmented, somewhat isolated fishery along coast. This fish in Toms River, Mass. apparently holds a fair concentration of bass and Pompano. Fisheries report fish rather with scarce fish on bottom.

FILIPINOS: Calming sailors and gentle horses make 440 the fastest way and safest to San Juan, where action is re-created at San Pablo Bay; San Juan's informal sign lights are common, with last week's best fish a 25-pounder and rhinoceros edition from Antioch swirled in north tip of Maricao Island. **14.** **Florida:** The panther is up to 25, woods.

CHANNEL BASS: FLORIDA: Halfish is 12 pounds are prowling up and down Jetty at Lippo Inlet after a beautiful stormy day. Sail by anyone with persistence and a fly rod.

SOUTH CAROLINA: At Parris Island, commercial fishermen are taking big channel bass in ponds around Charleston. Several anglers report fish to be five weeks in April.

STEELHEAD: A CHALLENGE: Skagit River pike-fish last week, has ended off a hot but it is still raining. A steelhead, estimated to be a 100-pounder, was caught by a fisherman on a Skagit River, with most fish in the 10 to 15

[illegible][illegible]

feeding columns: Late small run of S. in T. ponds with a few small fish in upper reaches of feeding in upper Ume River Island river, but these will be gone by end of month and larger fish already are mostly holes of spawners. May

streams L₁, C₁, general outlook only late for bag end of season. On mainland, best fishing is late June through mid-July.



"PARADE IN MORNING LIGHT"

Horses parading around the paddock before a race, skittish with excitement and high spirits, inspired this subtly composed painting by Jon Corbino.

FANTASY OF HORSES

Jon Corbino finds color, movement and excitement at the track

The exhilaration and excitement that vibrate like a shimmering layer of atmosphere over a race track when the horses are keyed up for a race have been transposed into a quality of painting in these canvases by Jon Corbino. The artist, born in Italy and brought to America as a child, has long been attracted by the turbulent patterns of objects in motion. His artistic roots lie in the styles of Delacroix and Rubens, his subject matter often in the world of carnivals and race tracks, where color and movement are inseparable. In the two paintings shown on these pages Corbino has produced immensely sensitive and decorative patterns of elegant mobile creatures, muscles straining, in a richly colored world, half fantasy, half fact.



"RACE TRACK UNLID"

Struggling to be away, jockeying for position under the guidance of strong hands that control them, highbred horses on the track compose themselves into a magnificent spectacle in this Calkins painting.

CHAMPION SAM

THE PERFORMANCE of the nation's new top bird dog, Palamosium, owned by Jimmy Hinton of Tuscaloosa, Ala., in winning the 1956 running of the National Bird Dog Championship (see pages 28-29), was one of the most exciting exhibitions in the colorful annals of this historic stake, which for setters and pointers is the climactic event of the 500 trials which make up the major field-trial circuit. "The magic quintessence of bird dog class," was one judge's description of his three-hour performance. Here, in the blow-by-blow style used officially in the *American Field*—the bird dog bible—is a description by William Benson of Palamosium's winning heat against a dog called The Pharmacist.

"There was a bit more wind as these two pointers were sent away at 1:13 p.m. Palamosium (his call name is Sam) dashed out in the lead. Pharmacist scored the first bevy find, and later Palamosium pointed without game. After an hour Palamosium scored a meritorious bevy find in *Ispedeca* field. On his next covey, the birds arose with the dog out of sight, but he was motionless when seen and proved sensational. He pointed on far ridge. As his handler walked in to flush, a rabbit scampered away, but Handler Morton said, 'I don't believe that was what he's pointing.' A big bevy was raised to this stand, a fine piece of work. At 3:24 Sam established a majestic point in Jap clover as the bevy flushed of its own accord, without discredit to the dog. After crossing what is known colloquially as Caesar's Ditch, a passage through a mud creek, Sam had a magnificent bevy find in farther sedge flat, which he also handled to perfection. Sam at 3:55 pointed in shallow ravine, which stand his brace mate honored, but a relocation was necessary, the dog accomplishing it in praise-worthy fashion. He pinned the birds in greenbriers, an intense, fiery point with flawless manners. At 4:23 Sam scored his final bevy, pointing as though carved of Persian marble, a scene etched ineffaceably on the memories of all privileged to witness it. At the very end of the three hours, when Pharmacist pointed a bevy, Sam was given an opportunity to back, which he accepted at once and in thrilling style. He went the arduous three-hour route courageously and finished amazingly strong." (E.H.)



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THE OFFICIAL ENTRY LIST FOR SEBRING

NO.	ENTRY	CAR	DISP. C.C.	DRIVERS	NO.	ENTRY	CAR	DISP. C.C.	DRIVERS
1	Raceway Enterprises	Corvette	5180	John Fitch, Walt Haugen	30	Donald Healey Motor Co.	Austin Healey	2668	Ray Jackson Moore, Forbes Robinson
2	Harold Hevly	Ferrari	4254	Ronald Hevly, Troy Rutman	31	Shep & Shore Motors	Austin Healey	2688	Geo. Hansen, Phil Stiles
3	James Kimberly	Ferrari	4605	James Kimberly, Ed Lanken	32	Lupi Chassis	Ferrari	1885	Sco. Braginsky, Wm. Heljahn
4	No entry				33	Parfelo Rubiconi	Ferrari	1996	P. Rubiconi, Arto Pawley
5	Raceway Enterprises	Corvette	4386	Eale Duncan, Wm. Eager	34	Tuning Club, Canastot	Ferrari	1996	Jelle Pils, Enrique Mund
6	Raceway Enterprises	Corvette	4348	Ray Crawford, Max Goldman	35	Morgan Motors	Morgan	1991	Mike Pollock, Geo. Hunt
7	Ernie Erickson	Corvette	3442	Mike Hawthorne, Desmond Titterton	36	Morgan Motors	Morgan	1991	John West, Marjorie Galt
8	Jaguar of N.Y.	Jaguar	3442	Duncan Hamilton, Ivor Barb	37	I. H. Drossel	A. C. Art	2291	J. H. Drossel, Wm. Woodbury
9	Jaguar of N.Y.	Jaguar	3442	Wm. Spear, Shorewood Johnson	38	S. H. Arnold	Arnold-Brosol	2291	S. H. Arnold, Bob Goodrich
10	Jaguar of N.Y.	Jaguar	3442	R. Cunningham, Gordon Brown	39	S. H. Arnold	Arnold-Brosol	2291	Bob Ballinger, Jack Ryan
11	Shops Cunningham	Jaguar	3442	Jake Kaplan, Russell Boss	40	S. H. Arnold	Arnold-Brosol	2291	Jay Peterson, Bill Stewart
12	Jake Kaplan	Jaguar	3442	Bob Swenard, Jack Ensey	41	Porsche K.G.	Porsche	1496	Bacon von Karschin, Rast Heesmat
13	Jack Ensey	Jaguar	3442	Louis Biers, Gordon Ric	42	Porsche K.G.	Porsche	1496	Count von Topp, Herbert Voigt
14	A. A. Brown	Jaguar	3442	John Edgar Enterprises	43	John Edgar Enterprises	Porsche	1496	Jack McKillo, Peter Lowery
15	A. A. Brown	Jaguar	3442	Automobile OSCA s.p.a.	44	Automobile OSCA s.p.a.	OSCA	1496	Ryan Makers, Frank Boll
16	Athens Motor	Jaguar	3442	Lotus Engineering Co.	45	Lotus Engineering Co.	Lotus	1496	Colin Chapman, Len Searap
17	Scuderia Ferrari	Ferrari	3422	Wm. G. Lloyd	46	Wm. G. Lloyd	Lotus	1496	Wm. Lloyd
18	Scuderia Ferrari	Ferrari	3422	Allen Guberton	47	Allen Guberton	Lotus	1496	Wm. Pines, Norman Scott
19	Scuderia Ferrari	Ferrari	3422	Alexandre de Tomaso	48	Alexandre de Tomaso	Lotus	1496	A. de Tomaso, Isabella Hinkel
20	George Topp	Ferrari	3422	Hambro Automotive Co.	49	Hambro Automotive Co.	MG	1496	David Auh, Gus Sherman
21	George Topp	Ferrari	3422	Hambro Automotive Co.	50	Hambro Automotive Co.	MG	1496	Wm. Kinschler, Steve Spiller
22	Charles Flynn	Mercedes-Benz	2996	Robert Brown	51	Robert Brown	Cosworth	1895	C. Alaway, E. Parkinson
23	Jack Fry	Mercedes-Benz	2996	Joe Sheppard	52	Joe Sheppard	Lotus	1895	Joe Sheppard, Wm. Smith
24	Thomas Allen	Mercedes-Benz	2996	Dr. M. R. J. Wythe	53	Dr. M. R. J. Wythe	Lotus	1895	Dr. Wythe, Margaret Wythe
25	Thomas Allen	Mercedes-Benz	2996	Cooper Car Co.	54	Cooper Car Co.	Cooper	1896	Leach Carstair, Rod Byron
26	David Brown & Sons, Ltd.	Aston Martin	2992	Cooper Car Co.	55	Cooper Car Co.	Cooper	1896	John Bentley
27	David Brown & Sons, Ltd.	Aston Martin	2992	Touring Club, Canastot	56	Touring Club, Canastot	OSCA	3092	Ed Munoz, Mayrino Marzocchi
28	David Brown & Sons, Ltd.	Aston Martin	2992	Automobiles EB	57	Automobiles EB	EB	345	Rene Bonnet, G. Mezard
29	Donald Healey Motor Co.	Austin Healey	2668	Brooks Stevens	58	Brooks Stevens	OS	345	Hal Ulrich, Lennu
				Wm. Kite Co. Ohio	59	Wm. Kite Co. Ohio	OS	245	Kerry Kirk, Francis Croust
				Equipe Lafayette	60	Equipe Lafayette	Rennalt	245	Jean Lucas, John Norwood
				Royal Kitzbich	61	Royal Kitzbich	Jaguar	3442	Royal Kitzbich, Boye Wing



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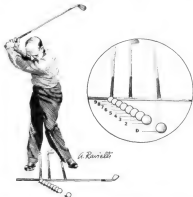


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For all players,
especially weekend golfers

There's been a decided trend of late towards playing all shots from the wedge right down to the wooden clubs with the ball spotted in just about the same position in reference to its distance between the left and right heels. For pro stars who can practice eight hours a day, this ultra-uniformism works out all right: they are able to acquire great feel and to compensate with their hand action for the slight differences between the contact point of one club and another. But this method is very harmful for the average golfer. If you don't move the ball, you must indeed change your hand action a bit for every different club, and this is well beyond the average golfer's ability. Uniform spotting gets him into all sorts of trouble.

It is much more sensible to graduate the position of the ball to fit the varying physical properties of each club—playing the key club, the five-iron, in the center of the stance and moving the ball back about an eighth of a turn as the loft of the club increases, an eighth of a turn forward as the loft decreases. In this way you accomplish your adjustment immediately and there is no need to compensate with your hand action when you execute your swing.



NEXT WEEK'S PRO: ED DUDLEY ON THE GRIP AND THE SWING



FAMOUS STANLEY STEAMER ROCKET WITH MARRIOTT AT THE WHEEL SET A WORLD'S RECORD IN 1906 BY GOING 127.7 MILES PER HOUR

YESTERDAY

THE CAR THAT FLEW

Fifty years ago, when 30 mph was fast for average cars, Fred Marriott raced a

Stanley Steamer at a speed of two miles a minute. Then three—and crashed

IN THOSE DAYS when the old Stanley Steamer was in its glory, there was a legend that its manufacturers had a standing offer of \$1,000 to be paid to any driver who could run the car wide open. No one ever tried to collect the money, but the man who came nearest to getting the most out of the car was Fred H. Marriott, who on January 28, 1906, raced his canoe-shaped Stanley Steamer Rocket up to 127.7 mph at Daytona Beach, Fla. for the world's fastest mile. A year later Marriott was doing over 190 mph when his light, flat-bottomed Rocket hit a rough spot. The car took to the air like a kite and turned over, but Marriott miraculously lived to drive again. Because the run ended in a crash, the time was never made an official world's record, but Marriott was hailed throughout the country as the first to drive a car more than three miles a minute and live.

The Rocket looked like an upside-down canoe with four bicycle wheels, and it wasn't far from that. The body was built of wood and canvas by the Roberts Carose Factory at Riverside, Mass. The Rocket weighed about 1,500 pounds including a two-cylinder engine and a steam boiler no bigger than the tub in a washing machine.

Although its flat bottom was aerodynamically wrong for high speeds, the Stanley Rocket had lines that were advanced for its day. The driver sat low



FRED H. MARRIOTT, now 83, is in demand as a Stanley authority.

in the car for protection and greater speed, and driver and car appeared to be one unit. Most racing cars of that period—like Barney Oldfield's Blitzen Benz, which at 131.7 mph finally bettered the Rocket's record in 1910—made no attempt at sleeker lines.

Following Marriott's crash the Stanley Steamer was withdrawn from racing, because the manufacturers felt that the car wasn't constructed to withstand the kind of speeds that Marriott could get out of it. By 1925 both racing and stock Stanley Steamer cars

had disappeared from the auto world.

After withdrawal of the Rocket from racing, Marriott drove other cars in races and hill climbs all over the world. Often he and Barney Oldfield barnstormed together.

Today at 83, Marriott says he has "slowed down a little" since his racing days. He now operates Fred Marriott's Garage in Newton, Mass., just a few yards away from the former Stanley Steamer factory, which now is a photographic finishing laboratory. With today's growing interest in old cars, Fred finds himself acting as technical adviser to hundreds of hobbyists who collect and restore Stanley Steamers. His office window looks out upon the same street where in 1887, a brief 53 years ago, he first drove an automobile.

Marriott, who saw many records made and broken in the early days of auto racing, today recalls: "I told some newspapermen at the time that within a few years cars would be able to travel more than 300 mph. They looked at me as if I were crazy, but actually I was wrong only about how long it would take to accomplish it." In 1935, just 29 years after Marriott's prediction, Sir Malcolm Campbell established a new record of 301.33 mph in his *Bluebird*. And John Cobb, driving a Raiton-Moel Special on September 16, 1947, pushed it up further to 394.2 mph, where it stands today. **END**

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COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED

March 23 through April 1

Baseball

- Brooklyn vs. Washington, Miami, Chicago (A) vs. Philadelphia, Tampa, Chicago (N) vs. Los Angeles (PCL), Long Beach, Calif.
- Cleveland vs. Pittsburgh, Oakland, Fla.
- Kansas City vs. New York (A), West Palm Beach, Fla.
- Milwaukee vs. Cincinnati, Bradenton, Fla.
- New York (N) vs. Cleveland, Phoenix, Ariz.
- St. Louis vs. Boston, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Baseball
NCAA tournament finals, Danbury, Ill.

- Racing**
● Charles Hume vs. Ralph Jones, middleweights, Mat. 34, Garden, N.Y. (10 p.m.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Fencing
NCAA national championships, Annapolis, Md. (also March 24)

Gymnastics
NCAA championships, Chapel Hill, N.C. (also March 24)

Golf
NCAA Intercollegiate Six Championships, Winter Park, Cal. (through March 25)

Figure Skating
World Team Tour, Birmingham, Ala.

Track & Field
Quebec Track and Field Assn. meet, Montreal.

Weightlifting
NCAA championship, Stillwater, Okla. (also March 24)

Auto Racing

International Endurance Race, Sebring, Fla.

Baseball
National Junior championships, Greater Power, Wash. (through March 26)

Baseball
● Boston vs. Milwaukee, San Jose, Fla. 1:55 p.m. (Mutual)

Brooklyn vs. New York (A), Miami, Chicago (N) vs. Baltimore, Los Angeles, Cleveland vs. Chicago (A), Oakland, Fla., New York (N) vs. Cleveland, Phoenix, Ariz., Pittsburgh vs. Philadelphia, Ft. Myers, Fla., St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Baseball
● NFL: International Tournament finals, Mat. 34, Garden, N.Y. 3 p.m. (CBS)

Armed Forces tournament finals, Louisville, Ariz. championships finals, Denver, National Junior College championships finals, Hutchinson, Kans., National Baseball Congress championships, Phoenix, Ariz. (through April 1), NER Preliminary playoffs, 3 p.m. (NBC)

Handball
NAT. YMCA 4-wall singles, doubles finals, Brooklyn, Pa.

Wrestling
● Florida Derby, \$100,000, 1 1/8 m., 3 p.m. elite, Gulfstream Pk., 5 p.m. (CBS)

Boston Hunt-cup, \$25,000, 7 f., 3 p.m. elite and up, Boreas, Ill.

Swimming
Stanford vs. Mt. Washington, Baltimore, Maryland Lacrosse Club vs. Hobbs, Hempstead, N.Y.

Marathon
Annapolis to Baltimore 2-man relay.

Shooting
Karran Cup, Sun Valley, Idaho. (also March 25)

Steeplechase
Grand National Steeplechase,intree Course, Liverpool, England

Track & Field
Chicago Daily News Games, Chicago.

Auto Racing

International Speed Classic, Phoenix, Ariz.

Baseball
● Brooklyn vs. New York (A), Miami, 2 p.m. (Mutual)
Chicago (A) vs. Cincinnati, Tampa, Chicago (N) vs. Baltimore, Los Angeles, Cleveland vs. New York (N), Tucson, Ariz., Kansas City vs. Washington, West Palm Beach, Fla.
Milwaukee vs. Detroit, Bradenton, Fla., Philadelphia vs. Boston, Clearwater, Fla., St. Louis vs. Pittsburgh, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Racing
Raid Mexico vs. Leo Espinoza, NBA world heavyweight title, Mexico City (10 p.m.)

Golf
Miami Beach PGA Open Invitational, \$15,000, elite, Palm Beach, Fla.

Baseball

● Philadelphia vs. Detroit, Oakland, Fla. 1:55 p.m. (Mutual)
Chicago (A) vs. Boston, San Jose, Fla., New York (N) vs. Baltimore, Springfield, Ariz., Cleveland vs. Chicago (N), Miami, Ariz., New York (A) vs. Brooklyn, West Palm Beach, Fla., Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, St. Petersburg, Fla., Milwaukee vs. Pittsburgh, Ft. Myers, Fla.

Baseball
Topical of Champions, Chicago (through April 5)

Racing
● Pat Lewis vs. Leroy Baker, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 p.m.), 10 p.m. (De Mott), White Postman vs. Johnny Arthur, heavyweights, New Orleans (10 p.m.)

Golf
LaGrave Pro-Am, \$15,000, Miami Beach, Fla. (also March 27)

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Tallahassee, Fla.

Baseball, March 27

Baseball
● Boston vs. Chicago (A), Tampa, Fla. 1:55 p.m. (Mutual)
Baltimore vs. Cleveland, Tucson, Ariz., Kansas City vs. Detroit, Oakland, Fla., Brooklyn vs. Philadelphia, Clearwater, Fla., Chicago (N) vs. New York (N) Phoenix, Ariz., Cincinnati vs. Pittsburgh, Ft. Myers, Fla., Milwaukee vs. St. Louis, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Atlanta.

Baseball, March 28

Baseball
● Washington vs. New York (A), St. Petersburg, Fla. 1:55 p.m. (Mutual)
Kansas City vs. Boston, San Jose, Fla., New York (N) vs. Baltimore, Springfield, Ariz., Chicago (A) vs. Milwaukee, Bradenton, Fla., Cleveland vs. Chicago (N), Miami, Ariz., Detroit vs. Philadelphia, Clearwater, Fla., Brooklyn vs. Pittsburgh, Ft. Myers, Fla., Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, Tampa.

Racing
● Luyth Lightbeam vs. L. C. Morgan, lightweight, Cleveland Arena (10 p.m.), 10 p.m. (ABC)

Baseball, March 29

Baseball
● Detroit vs. Kansas City, West Palm Beach, Fla. 1:55 p.m. (Mutual)
Pittsburgh vs. Boston, San Jose, Fla., Baltimore vs. Chicago (N), Miami, Ariz., Chicago (A) vs. Washington, Orlando, Fla.

New York (N) vs. Cleveland, Tucson, Ariz.
Brooklyn vs. New York (N), St. Petersburg, Fla.
Cincinnati vs. Milwaukee, Tampa.
Philadelphia vs. St. Louis, Clearwater, Fla.

Boxing
Jimmy Carter vs. Don Jordan, lightweights, Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles.
Art Gaudin vs. Germaine Ballarín, welterweights, Paris.

Golf
Azusa Open Invitational, \$12,500, Wilmington, N.C. (through April 1).
Southwestern Intercollegiate Tournament, Houston (through March 31).

Swimming
NCAA championships, New Haven, Conn. (through March 31).

Baseball
● Philadelphia vs. New York (A), St. Petersburg, Fla. 1:35 p.m. (Mutual).

Boxing
● Chant Hanna vs. Carmelo Costa, featherweights.
● Mad. So. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Swimming
Senior Women's outdoor synchronized swimming, Toledo, Utah (through April 1).

Baseball
● New York (N) vs. St. Louis, St. Petersburg, Fla. 1:35 p.m. (Mutual).

Brooklyn vs. Detroit, Lakeland, Fla.
Baltimore vs. New York (N), Phoenix, Ariz.
Chicago (A) vs. Philadelphia, Clearwater, Fla.
Chicago (N) vs. Cleveland, Tucson, Ariz.
Brooklyn vs. Cincinnati, Tampa.
Milwaukee vs. Atlanta (SA), Atlanta (night).

Baseball
● NBA final-round playoffs, 3 p.m. (NBC).

Horse Racing
Baffert Fretche Handicap, \$15,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds and up, Bowie, Md.

Hand Work
Columbia Cup Races, Canada, S.E.

Baseball
Pittsburgh vs. Maryland, College Park, Md.
Cincinnati vs. Rutgers, New Brunswick, N.J.
Yale vs. Johns Hopkins, Baltimore.
Army vs. Mt. Washington, Baltimore.
New Hampshire vs. Holyoke, Hampden, N.Y.

Skating
North American Skis Championships, Vancouver, B.C. (also April 1).

Tennis
World Tennis Tour, Bermuda (also April 1).

SUNDAY, APRIL 1

Baseball
● Brooklyn vs. Chicago (A), Tampa, 2 p.m. (Mutual).

Detroit vs. Boston, Sarasota, Fla.
Baltimore vs. Cleveland, Tucson, Ariz.
New York (N) vs. St. Louis, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Brooklyn "B" vs. Washington, Grantsville, Fla.
Chicago (N) vs. New York (N), Phoenix, Ariz.
Cincinnati vs. Philadelphia, Clearwater, Fla.
Milwaukee vs. Atlanta (SA), Atlanta.

Baseball
Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Stars, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y., afternoon and evening.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

5—Chicago night, John G. Zimmerman, 4—UP, Max Peter Mack, Fred Weisberg (Cincinnati), 3—AP, 4—Boston, 1—AP, 2—AP, 3—AP, 4—New York Times, 5—AP, 6—AP, 7—AP, 8—AP, 9—AP, 10—AP, 11—AP, 12—AP, 13—AP, 14—AP, 15—AP, 16—AP, 17—AP, 18—AP, 19—AP, 20—AP, 21—AP, 22—AP, 23—AP, 24—AP, 25—AP, 26—AP, 27—AP, 28—AP, 29—AP, 30—AP, 31—AP, 32—AP, 33—AP, 34—AP, 35—AP, 36—AP, 37—AP, 38—AP, 39—AP, 40—AP, 41—AP, 42—AP, 43—AP, 44—AP, 45—AP, 46—AP, 47—AP, 48—AP, 49—AP, 50—AP, 51—AP, 52—AP, 53—AP, 54—AP, 55—AP, 56—AP, 57—AP, 58—AP, 59—AP, 60—AP, 61—AP, 62—AP, 63—AP, 64—AP, 65—AP, 66—AP, 67—AP, 68—AP, 69—AP, 70—AP, 71—AP, 72—AP, 73—AP, 74—AP, 75—AP, 76—AP, 77—AP, 78—AP, 79—AP, 80—AP, 81—AP, 82—AP, 83—AP, 84—AP, 85—AP, 86—AP, 87—AP, 88—AP, 89—AP, 90—AP, 91—AP, 92—AP, 93—AP, 94—AP, 95—AP, 96—AP, 97—AP, 98—AP, 99—AP, 100—AP.

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CHESS REVIEW

SQUIBB—A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

ANY QUESTIONS NOW?

Sir:

The time, 10:15 p.m.; the date, March 14; I have just seen a typical example of the fight "varieté"—a match between Carmen Basilio and Johnny Saxton.

Your previous articles on boxing's dirty business (James Morris and his cohorts) could never be questioned now!

My father even went so far as to call the local sportswriter, and in the short time of 15 minutes this man had received four such calls on the so-called verdict of the fight.

Being caught before begin to realize that television and its followers never be fooled and that such "varieté" decisions will soon place the weekly fights in the same category as fast-dying wrestling.

Incidentally, this is the first time I have ever written any magazine nor have I ever felt so strongly against a decision.

MAX STANLEY KNEIBEROWSKI
W. Lafayette, Ind.

● For Martin Kane's eyewitness report turn to *A Mighty Perviler Fight*, page 31.—ED.

HAD ENOUGH?

Sir:

What further proof is needed to convince all fight fans of the need to correct boxing's dirty business (as you describe it) than the outlandish decision of the judges in the Saxton-Basilio championship fight? How could any intelligent judge rule as these men did, unless instructed to do so by the "powers that be" in boxing's dirty business?

As a boxing fan of long standing, going back to the days of Battling Nelson, Joe Gans, George Dixon and others of that era, as well as a ringside attendant at hundreds of fights, I cannot possibly conceive of such a rash decision, particularly with a championship at stake. In my opinion, Basilio won at least 10 rounds, with Saxton getting three or even two. Basilio undoubtedly made the fight with his aggressiveness and intent to fight, while Saxton continually avoided fighting by backtracking, pushing, weaving and butting. Isn't it about time that boxing in Illinois is cleaned up?

WHAT ABOUT IT, GOVERNOR? LET'S DO SOMETHING ABOUT BOXING'S DIRTY BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS, ESPECIALLY CHICAGO!

GEORGE J. KRIEGER

Shamokin, Pa.

HOW DO THEY DO IT?

Sir:

I am quite bewildered by the decision of the Basilio-Saxton fight. I have been a weekly reader of SI since the first issue. SI writes the facts about the fight game, and that's what I and John Q. Public want to read. This decision was downright rotten. First it was the Gavilan-Saxton fight, which Saxton won on another questionable decision; what are they going to do now, give Basilio the run-around like Gavilan when he lost to Saxton?

How in heaven's name can a fellow win a fight backing up, occasionally flicking a left jab and holding on for dear life? How can a man like Basilio, who forces the fight and throws body punches continually and on top of that is the champion of the world, be subjected to this injustice?

CARL J. RUDKA

Indianapolis

THIRD MAN IN

Sir:

I just concluded watching the esteemed John Basilio steal the welterweight crown again. The TV announcer made much ado about Chicago being a jinx to Basilio, but he could have been more accurate by saying it was not Chicago but the so-called judges and the third man in the ring who are the jinx.

How can boxing ever thrive as long as these (I can think of many descriptive words) incompetent men are allowed to determine who is the better man?

HARLAN H. CALDWELL

Marshall Beach, Calif.

NEW FACES

Sir:

Blinky Palermo made the Boston Bitch's robbery look like a penny-ante game. In any other city in the world Saxton's grandmother could have beat him that night.

Pro wrestling is an exhibition with phony victories and they admit it, but the way boxing is now they might as well nominate Marshal Tito and Khrushchev for the job of commentators.

JOHN TURNER

Bethlehem, Pa.

AND STILL CHAMPION

Sir:

After you published all the letters complaining about the Kierde-Basilio fight (19th Hole, Feb. 6), I had hoped to see some improvement in the game. The decision giving Basilio the welterweight title over Basilio was an outright robbery. I hereby propose that we judge future fights with an *appealer* vote. Let the fans themselves, by a show of applause, determine the winner of a fight. In my book, Basilio is still champ regardless of what two judges and one referee thought.

JOE LA MONICA

Mansfield, Ohio

TV, COGGY

Sir:

We have just watched the welterweight title-change hand and have decided not to watch TV fights any more. We are sick and tired of watching a man run for 14 or 15 rounds, tap now and then with a jab and end up the winner.

You have fine coverage of sports and from now on we shall get our fight results from SI. Thanks for the great coverage of the Winter Olympics and the fine wildlife stories from time to time.

JOHN C. MORRELL

Jamestown, N.Y.

THE TRIUMPH OF MAN

Sir:

My heartfelt congratulations on your superb coverage of the competition between Marcelo Luis Miguel Dominguez and Cesar Geron SI, March 12. Although I have never witnessed a bullfight, I was completely thrilled by this sportsman account and the great photography by Mark Kaufman. It was almost as if I were among the thousands of cheering spectators that jammed

by AJAY



C. RAY

the plane at Markey. To me, the triumph of man over an enraged beast is utterly fascinating, although some would consider this sport a bit gruesome.

ALLAN R. ZIELEN

Chicago

ONE!

Sir:

Two ears and the bull's tail to Rafael Delgado Lozano for his delightful reporting of the world's two greatest matadors.

SI, in presenting sports coverage such as this, is bound to grow in stature and circulation.

L. W. FLYNN

Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada

HIGH COST OF BULLFIGHTING

Sir:

Rafael Delgado Lozano in *Maso a Maso* states that the plaza at Markey seats 8,000 and also says that the plaza charged \$13 for the poorest seats and \$15 for the best, since they had to guarantee each matador \$18,000.

Our roommate from Mexico feels that these prices are too high, and it would be impossible for the plaza to be filled at these prices.

This matter has developed into quite an international dispute between myself and my roommates and I would really appreciate having this thing settled. How much money was poured into the coffers of the Markey Plaza that day?

We all thoroughly enjoyed the article, even our Mexican roommate, and feel that it is typical of the fan-madness, blood and tremendous sports coverage found only in SI.

DOUGLAS CHRIST

New Haven, Conn.

● General admission was listed as \$13 for the sunny side of the plaza and \$18 for the shady side, but some front-row seats changed hands at \$75. Total gate receipts came to \$185,000, averaging \$23 a seat.—ED.

A PRO BY ANY OTHER NAME

Sir:

In reference to suggestions for a name for lady golf pros (19th Hole, March 12), I nominate "proette."

DEBORAH NICHOLS

Lansing, Mich.

Sir:

My choice would be "Binkuskie" or "Bink-red," as being fairly euphonious and with a good old Scotch flavor.

JENNIFER CANNON

Banta Barbara, Calif.

Sir:

Why not just "golf bags"?

ROGER S. HENLETT

New York

FIRST LADIES

Sir:

Annie Smith Peck was not the first woman to scale the Matterhorn by any means (YESTERDAY, Feb. 6). The first was Miss Lucy Walker, who, with her father, Frank Walker, and three guides, accomplished the first feminine ascent on the 21st-22nd of July, 1871, 24 years before Miss Peck.

JOHN LEROY

Norwalk, Calif.

Sir:

Annie Peck wasn't great climber but not even the first American lady on the Matterhorn. Miss Meta Brevoort (1825-76), an American, made the traverse of the Matterhorn Sept. 4 & 5, 1871, with her nephews, W. Coolidge, and three guides: Christian and Ulrich Almer and Nicholas Knobel. As you may have heard by now, England's Miss Walker was there even before Miss Brevoort, some six weeks earlier, to be exact.

R. KOLLMEIER

Walpole, N.H.



MISS META BREVOORT

● Miss Brevoort (see ref) was indeed the first American woman to climb the Matterhorn (ascent +24) and Miss Walker (ascent -19) the first ever, a feat which inspired Peck to declaim in its August 26, 1871 issue:

A Lark has climb to the Matterhorn's summit,

Which almost like a Monument points to the sky.

Stoop not very much less than the string of a plummet

Suspended, which neither can scale but a fly.

This lady has likewise ascended the Wetsburn.

And what's a great deal more, descended it too.

Feet intermit: which, seeing it might be named Lovers,

So slippery 'tis, no small thing is to do. No glacier could baffle, no precipice balk her,

No peak rise above her, however sublime. Give three times three cheers for intrepid Miss Walker.

I say, my boys, doesn't she know how to climb!

—ED.

CHANGE OF SEASON

Sir:

I enjoyed the stories on the opening of baseball's spring training (SI, March 5), but I think Frank Lane, the Cardinals general manager, is a bit too optimistic for 1956. If the Cardinals finish fourth or fifth they'll do well. Of course baseball being confused as next year

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1956
MOLE

continued from page 22

what it is, Lane's prediction of third place is possible.

While I am not a basketball fan, I think the State University of Iowa team of this season and last have done very well. I hope sometime you'll do a story on them and their coach Bucky O'Connor. . . .

F. J. MURRAY

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

● Coach Frank (Bucky) O'Connor's State University of Iowa basketball team has indeed done well this season following a shaky start. After losing five of their first eight games, Iowa built up a 14-game winning streak and won their second straight Big Ten title and a place in the NCAA tournament (It's Dayton and the Deas, St. March 19). Some say O'Connor's smooth-working ten jump and leap so well because Bucky has them lift weights to improve their muscle tone. —ED.

THE GIANT, ECONOMY SIZE

Sirs:

As a chemical engineer and former member of the Cornell varsity crew, I must disagree with the closing statements of "Working Up a Lather" (E & D, March 12). In spite of any other opinion, students have failed to improve the original campaign in the rowing-tank trick initiated at Cornell.

This so-called prank was the result of careful scientific and economic studies. First, an excellent anti-forming agent had to be found which would perform well in the antiquated and non-sealed still-water rowing tank at Cornell. Second, because of the financial embarrassment of the responsible party, it had to be cheap. The product finally chosen cost only 17¢, certainly less than any commercial liquid detergent. It was dissolved in one gallon of hot water, and the solution was gently poured into the tank. The results were astounding! Ask Coach Loren School if he has ever seen "richer, longer-lasting rods" in such antiquated equipment.

May I suggest to the next coach confronted with a lousy problem that he purchase a small bottle of Dow Corning's silicone anti-fouling agent. I am certain that the results will be equally spectacular and certainly much easier and cheaper than haling out the rowing tanks.

WILLIAM C. JOHNSON

Fort Lee, Va.

WHERE IS CHARLIE PURTLET?

Sirs:

I would like very much to know what happened to Charlie Purtle, that pitcher you were talking about so much in *It Happens Every Spring* (St. March 5). Did he stick it out through spring training or was he sent back to Ardenmore?

Incidentally, those color photos by Mark Kaufman were terrific.

LEWIS MACADAM JR.

Illus:

● Charlie Purtle is doing fine. He has been assigned to the Daytona Beach training camp for high minor league prospects and will be given his final

team assignment at the end of the month.—ED.

NO. 1

Sir: SE's March 5 Hornon asked: "What five players would you nominate for the national tennis hall of fame? Out of 11 people who gave answers only one person nominated Pancho Gonzales, who is and has been for some time the undisputed champion of the world. . . .

Here are just a few of the reasons why I believe Gonzales should be ranked in the top five, if not **FIRST**. Pancho was one of the youngest players ever to win the U.S. Nationals. He was the youngest player ever to turn pro for the "big money" and go on a world-wide tour. He turned professional long before he reached his peak, because of lack of money. Since the spotlight is mostly on amateur tennis, Pancho was neglected, and most everyone failed to see his real greatness.

Pancho turned pro when competition was great in reaching the top he had to defeat such stars as Frank Sedgman of Australia, Pancho Segura of South America, and the Americans Trabert, Budge, Higgs, Kovacs, Kramer, who incidentally was nominated by seven of the 11 people.

BRUCE A. BAUG

Santa Barbara, Calif.

OLD GOLDENSIDES

Sir:

Congratulations! Your article and color photographs of *Old GoldenSides*, Mr. Grando's yacht, was the first proof in pictures of the much-talked-about yacht (SL, Feb. 27). You stole the thunder from all the yachting magazines.

You seem to stay one step ahead of everybody.

GEORGE LEWIS

Sherborn, Mass.

AT HOME

Sir:

In Feb. 27 *Scoreboard* Referee Frank Edwards is pictured climbing out of the way of action in an NHL game which the caption states was played in New York. The Ranger player in this picture is wearing a dark traveling uniform, therefore the game could not have been at New York. The other player looks as if he is wearing a Chicago white home uniform. Am I right?

R. D. BARKER

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

•Wrong, that game was played in New York. The National Hockey League in midseason decided to make traveling uniforms white and home uniforms colored.—ED.



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PAT ON THE BACK

PHYLLIS MCGURK

Mrs. Phyllis McGurk of Stamford Hill, England used to be a 168-pound dumpling until she started lifting weights 18 months ago. Last year Phyllis, down to 122 pounds, was a finalist in the Miss Britain contest. Last month in London she lifted a 200-pound weight to become the British women's record holder. The 26-year-old housewife prepped for the record by lifting three smaller weights, and as she struggled with the 200-pound weight, members of the Health and Strength League encouragingly murmured, "Go it, girl." Go it she *did*, despite the fact that she had just recovered from influenza. Back in her dressing room, Phyllis gasped, "Every girl ought to have a couple of dumbbells about the house. They cost 10 shillings and weigh 10 pounds. Then 25 minutes swinging before bed, and she'll be surprised at the results."

MARGARET VARNER

There is hardly a sport that 28-year-old Margaret Varner, an assistant professor of physical education at Boston's Sargent College, hasn't played, and played well. So well, in fact, that her home town of El Paso, Texas last month elected her to the local hall of fame. Margaret recorded her first triumph at the age of 10 when she became a junior expert marksman with the rifle. She was the girl champion of the Southwestern Kids' Rodeo in 1945, and in recent years she has held national rankings in tennis. Just now Margaret is abroad, defending the All-England badminton title she won last year. Her hobbies: squash, racquets, basketball and field hockey. "I don't know how she does it and remains so feminine," says an awed friend, "but she does it."





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